

Southern Churchman

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VOL. LXXII.

RICHMOND, VA., JANUARY 5, 1907.

No. 1.

COLONIAL CHURCHES

Washington as a Vestryman



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SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

VOLUME LXXII.

RICHMOND, VA., JANUARY 5, 1907.

No. 1.

Southern Churchman.

"Catholic for every truth of God; Protestant against every error of man."

REV. WM. MEADE CLARK, EDITOR.

SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN COMPANY, Publ's
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We shall be obliged if our friends will kindly send us names of persons to whom they would like to have specimen copies of the Southern Churchman mailed.

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The Past Year in The Church.

The Living Church Annual in its review of the events of the past year, in the life of the Church, calls it "A Normal Year," and possibly, that is about the best term to describe it. There is nothing to depress or discourage, so far as the facts and figures go; and at the same time, there is nothing out of the common, to provoke unusual optimism.

Possibly—in view of many of the experiences the Church has been going through, in the year just closed—the fact that conditions are "normal" is a ground for great encouragement and thankfulness, and certainly, if blatant doubt and more than questionable loyalty could do damage to the Church, that damage would have been done in the recent past. But the facts and figures show that, so far, the Church has held her course, showing no failure because trusted sons and would-be leaders have proved recreant to their trust.

In an effort to compile a statistical statement of progress of conditions in the Church, the first painful fact that forces itself into consideration is the unreliability of the great mass of our diocesan, parochial, and other reports. A very casual study of diocesan journals will reveal an amount of "guess-work" in the making out of these statements which tends to vitiate and render uncertain any general results which may be arrived at. And the most curious illustration of this condition is that no two of the well-known Church Almanacs, namely, Whittaker's, The Living Church, and the American Church Almanac, agree in the results that they deduce from these figures. If some power could get back to the original compilers of these reports, and see that the work was done thoroughly and accurately and completely, it would be the beginning of a great and much needed reformation. When one reads the statistics of a diocese, and sees included in the Totals "estimates" from parishes and missions that have not taken the trouble to report, he necessarily questions the value of the work of the "Diocesan Statistician!" In fact, in some cases, this respectable official seems much more interested in making a "good showing" for his diocese, than an "accurate report."

It would be a genuine blessing to the Church at large, if every diocese were to make an inflexible resolution that from this time forth, no uncertain, indeterminate or unreliable or unverified figures should go in its Journal. It would be the most notable New Year's resolution that some of them ever made in their history! And we venture the suggestion that it would be by far the most instructive.

If these reports stand for anything at all, they prove that there are parishes, and even dioceses, that, under the present system, do not know and never can know, their own status.

To give an illustration of difference in figures: The American Church Almanac gives the "present communicants" of the Church at 950,415; and the Living Church Annual at 848,972—a difference utterly incapable of reconciliation. Possibly, the first Year Book has misused a 9 instead of an 8, but even this leaves an unaccountable discrepancy. Certainly, The Living Church Annual has very much the more reliable estimate and shows an increase of 20,579 communicants over last year, or an increase of one and one-half per cent. And by the way—as a curious coincidence—this is the same percentage of increase that the Year Book of the Church of England shows.

The Living Church Annual reports the present Clergy List 5,176, an increase over last year of sixty-seven. It reports a falling off of candidates for Orders from 414 to 394, but an increase of postulants 322 to 333. But this shows a decline which is very far from comforting.

The baptisms reported are 66,849; of these, 57,606 are infant; 19,341 adult; and the rest "unclassified." Another beautiful illustration of the way in which our parochial and diocesan reports are made out. There were 2,136 more infant baptisms and 896 more adult baptisms this year than last; and this is a very hopeful sign, because, in the last analysis, baptisms really represented the spiritual birth-rate of the Church.

The confirmations this year, are 54,733, which is the best showing that the Church has made for several years, and quite a large increase on the per centage of last year.

Financially, of course, the exhibit is excellent, showing a total of \$17,136,433.86—an increase of over eight hundred thousand dollars over the contributions of last year, and more than an average of twenty dollars per communicant.

But when we come to consider the purposes for which this money was raised—how much for the "elegancies" of parish life and the "luxuries" of diocesan life, and how comparatively little for genuinely aggressive missionary work—the result is far from flattering. In fact, there seems scarcely a limit to what our parishes can do for themselves, but a very easily ascertainable limit to what they can do for others.

As a mark of ability, our financial exhibit is highly satisfactory and most excellent; but as a mark of unselfishness, it is very far from satisfactory.

But, looking back over all the facts and figures, and getting at the results as nearly as figures will enable us to do; and then considering the troubous waters through which we have been passing, in view of all, the Church has cause to thank God and take courage. But she also has need to take warning that she cannot be idle and selfish and indifferent, without serious cause to fear that she may lose step with the progress and advance and development of the country.

It will not do to lay claim simply to the character of a National Church, and do no works commensurate with that claim; for however we may judge ourselves, others will judge us by the character we exhibit and the works we do.

Divorce and Re-Marriage.

Our neighbor the Richmond "Times-Dispatch," under the heading "Criminal Divorces," contains the following excellent editorial utterance:

"Several days ago Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., obtained a divorce from her husband, and immediately her engagement to be married to Lieutenant Pearsall was announced.

"In yesterday's Times-Dispatch a special from New York stated that a final decree of divorce in the suit of Mrs. Mabel Judson Cox against her husband, Dr. Rowland W. Cox, Jr. was signed by Judge Fitzgerald, of the Supreme Court, on December 20th, and this statement was accompanied with the announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Cox to Francis Burton Harrison.

"It is manifest that Mrs. Blaine became engaged to Lieutenant Pearsall,

and that Mrs. Cox became engaged to Mr. Harrison before they were released from the bonds of matrimony already holding them. While still married they acted as though they were single, receiving the attentions of beaux, carrying on a courtship and entering into new matrimonial engagements before they were off with the old.

"It has more than once occurred that a man and a woman, each being already married to another, have courted and became engaged. The next step was for each to procure a divorce, and as soon as both were released to form another union with one another. One such case was but lately reported in The Times-Dispatch.

"Divorce is bad enough at best. But such cases as above reported are not only immoral, but criminal, and there ought to be some law to deal with them as such."

More and more widespread attention is being attracted to this horrible and debasing evil of remarriage of divorced persons, and from every part of the land the protest is coming in stronger terms.

This Church has recognized, in the most public and uncompromising way its utter abhorrence of the evil and of those who take wilful part in it. Thankfully we recognize that many of our bishops have been fearlessly and uncompromisingly law-abiding in dealing with those of our own people who tamper with the Church's law, and have made it clear that they will tolerate no lawlessness in their dioceses.

The Church's conscience is becoming more acutely sensitive on this subject, and more than one Bishop has made his position so well known and the consequences so clear that no more infractions of the law will occur in the Diocese. And where the Bishops themselves have not been so clear in their leadership, the Church itself is awakening to its duty.

This evil, if permitted, will undermine everything that is good and noble and pure in our family life: and with that family life, the Church of God and its ministry is inextricably bound up.

The Southern Churchman rejoices in every protest against this evil, and hopes the protest will grow till decent public opinion will make these remarriages impossible—at least by any one who calls himself a minister of the Church of God.

A Business Estimate of Bishop Funsten.

There are various points of view from which a Bishop may be judged, as they come in contact with many classes of men. More especially is this the case with our Missionary Bishops. In their unconventional surroundings they are liable to meet all sorts and conditions of men, who are much more apt to estimate them by their innate manliness and capacity—than by any conventional ecclesiastical claims.

Bishop Funsten has been dealing

with such men, and this is the judgment one of them passes on his ability as a man of business. As a Christian gentleman, we all know him, but as a cool-headed and far-sighted businessman—qualities much needed in his work—he seems profoundly impressive. This is the incident:

"Henry St. George Tucker, president of the Jamestown Exposition Company, traveled a great deal in the West last summer in the interests of the big fair. While he was in Boise City, he spent his spare time with Bishop Funsten, of Idaho.

To-day several members of Congress were asking Mr. Tucker, who is entitled to the privileges of the floor because he is an ex-member of Congress, if he had seen anything new in the West.

"I saw," said Mr. Tucker, "or rather I heard something indicative of the ways of human nature. I met an old fellow on the street in Boise City.

"So you're staying with Bishop Funsten?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "the Bishop is an old Virginian."

"Funsten's all right," replied my new acquaintance. "Pity he's in the ministry. If he would stop fooling with religion and go into business he'd soon be worth a million dollars."

JANUARY MAGAZINES.

THE CENTURY.—Interest will be keen in Theodore Roosevelt's latest essay, which is made the leading feature of the January Century, with illustrations in color by Leyendecker, notable work even for The Century pages. Under the title of "The Ancient Irish Sagas," Mr. Roosevelt makes a plea for wider and more popular appreciation of the wealth of romance and poetry in this ancient literature, and urges that chairs of Celtic be founded in as many of the leading American universities as possible.

Turning from literature to art, there is the first full and authoritative account of Mr. Charles L. Freer's gift to the nation of his valuable art collection, a gift which may be considered the first step toward the establishment of a National Gallery of Art. Adding much to the interest and value of Miss Leila Mechlin's descriptive paper are seven full page reproductions of notable canvases in the collection, including several Whistlers. In this issue, too, is Elizabeth Robbins Pennell's paper on the Cathedral at Chartres, with seven of Joseph Pennell's satisfying drawings.

Sylvester Baxter takes up a timely topic in his spicy and stimulating discussion of the abuses of outdoor advertising, with suggestions, and attractive pictures, of better methods. Dr. Oberholzer's readable narrative of Jay Cook's work in the financing of the Civil War tells interestingly of the "seven-thirty" and "ten-fifty" loans.

Of prime interest in the fiction of the number is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Shuttle." Events of the day are giving significant, if unexpected, timeliness to the author's presentation of phases of the international marriage problem. "Clancy the Tosser" is the piquant title of the first of a series of stories of life on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers from a forthcoming novel, "Partners of Providence," by Charles D. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith."

The editorial topics are "The Corruption of Public Opinion" and "Real Wrongs and Real Reforms."

ST. NICHOLAS.—Perhaps the illustrations in St. Nicholas are taken a little too much for granted—they are so unfailingly abundant and super-excellent. In the January number, which strikes a fair average, there is, for instance, a full page reproduction of Rubens' painting of his two sons. The frontispiece, "On New Year's Day," was drawn for St. Nicholas by Blenden Campbell; and among the other contributing illustrators are such names as Reginald Birch, Harrison Cady, C. M. Relyea, Culmer Barnes, C. D. Weldon, George Varian, I. W. Taber, Florence Storer and Albertine Randall Whelan. There are no less than eighty-two pictures in the body of the January St. Nicholas from these artists' work and from photographs, without counting the forty-four cuts enriching the departments of Nature and Science and the St. Nicholas League.

There are four serials now running in St. Nicholas: "Abbie Ann," by George Madden Martin, the creator of Emmy Lou; Alice Hegan Rice's "Captain June," Ralph Henry Barbour's "The New Boy at Hilltop," and Captain Harold Hammond's "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy." Each of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's fairy stories is complete in itself; but little Queen Silver Bell, the recounter of these delightful tales, appears in every one, and so there is a connecting link. In the February St. Nicholas will begin another, "The Cosy Lion," with more of Harrison Cady's whimsical pictures. Short stories and a number of sketches make the January St. Nicholas a full number.

THE OUTLOOK.—The January Magazine Number of the Outlook is unusually interesting. In view of the centennial of the birth of General Robert E. Lee, it may be called the "Lee Number." The cover is decorated with an excellent picture of the great Southern leader. Mr. Edward V. Valentine, the noted Richmond sculptor, contributes "Reminiscences of General Lee," a capitally written and thoroughly interesting article, giving his personal recollections of the General, while the artist was preparing for his work. General Horace Porter tells of "Lee's Surrender at Appomattox," and Professor Mims writes of "General Lee's Place in History." In addition, there is a capital and highly appreciative editorial on "Robert E. Lee."

There is much else of value also in this most excellent number of an excellent magazine.

M'CLURE'S.—In McClure's Magazine for January the opening article, the first of a series, is unquestionably the one of greatest popular interest. It is "Mary Baker G. Eddy: the Story of Her Life, and the History of Christian Science." This paper covers the first forty years of her life. Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences of a Long Life" are continued, and come down to the Lincoln-Douglas debates. One of the most surprising articles is "The Great Jewish Invasion," by Burton J. Hendrick, which gives an account of Jewish conditions in New York City.

The fiction is entertaining, consisting of short stories by well-known and popular writers.

The article on Mrs. Eddy is illustrated with hitherto unpublished photographs and pictures.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January opens with a delightful reminiscent paper on the New Year, "Turning the Old Leaves." James A. Leroy tells of that most interesting subject just

now, "Japan and the Philippine Islands." "The Criminaloid," by Edward Alsworth Ross, is a treatment from a new point of view, of a subject of vital interest to every lover of the community. The writer states some needed truths with commendable clearness. "Mutual Life Insurance" is a matter of wide and profound interest just at present. Francis A. Lowell writes of it as one who knows. "The Nude in Autobiography" is an altogether pleasant paper, and registers a well-merited protest against too much "self-revelation," too transparent an imitation of Rousseau's rather doubtful and decidedly unpleasant methods. There are many other valuable and readable articles in this "old reliable" magazine.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has completed its twentieth year, and opens its forty-first volume with Henry van Dyke's delightful outdoor article, "A Holiday in a Vacation." Dr. van Dyke believes that "No vacation is perfect without a holiday in it," and this is one of a series of "Days Off" that he is writing for the magazine. This particular "day off" was in the southeast corner of Maine, and the occasion of it was a canoe trip down a little river. Schoonover contributes a number of illustrations, some of them in color. The fiction event of the year is undoubtedly the beginning of Mrs. Wharton's serial, "The Fruit of the Tree," a novel of large plan and seriousness, dealing with a vital question and, incidentally, portraying certain phases of American life with a vividness and truth that characterized "The House of Mirth." In this story the characters move in a wider social range, and some of the conditions affecting them are industrial and have to do with the settlement of factory life. The main interest however, is in the souls of the people as influenced by modern thought.

Almost the last of the great Confederate leaders is General E. P. Alexander, who was chief of artillery at Gettysburg, and the leading engineer and artillerist of Lee's army. For many years he has been working on a military history of the war, considering each battle as a military problem, treated without personal feeling or partisan bias. Part of this great book will appear in the magazine, and in this number is General Alexander's analysis of "The Battle of Bull Run."

FOREIGN NEWS.

We had hoped to be able to convey with our Christmas greetings to our readers the announcement of the settlement of the painful educational controversy—at least such a settlement as could be rendered possible by a reasonable amendment of the bill which met its fate on Wednesday. But the negotiations for peace broke down, and the strife is to go on with increased vigor, and there is reason to fear, added bitterness. It is very disappointing, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that everything possible has been done by the Church's leaders to avert the fiasco. Peace cannot be bought by the sacrifice of principle. When honor or conscience is involved the meekest prove obstinate, and a Churchman's honor is as dear to him as that of a Nonconformist is to him, and his conscience is not less tender.

The last of the three Advent addresses to men arranged at St. Michael's, Cornhill, upon successive Wednesdays by the C. M. S., was delivered this week by the Bishop of Uganda upon the subject "Is

the Gospel Played Out—Africa in Evidence." The handsome church was almost filled with a large congregation of the hard-headed men of the city, who had gathered in force to hear the first Bishop of Uganda, who has actually been a Bishop of Uganda. For who that knows anything about missionary history can forget that, although Uganda has had three Bishops, two of them laid down their lives before they had set foot inside the country?

The warm hues of the windows and the decorated pillars and ruddy walls of the interior were a fit setting for the brief but stirring repetition of the miracle of the Christianization of Uganda. Taking for his text the words, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil" (First Epistle St. John 3: 18), Bishop Tucker drew for his listeners the vivid contrast between the Uganda of twenty-five years ago and that of to-day. Of his own episcopate, he gave some amazing figures. When he first reached Uganda as its Bishop, after a five months' journey from the East coast, there were 200 baptized Christians to greet him; now there are over 60,000. Then there were sixty or seventy communicants; there are now 16,000. Then there were four or five men actively engaged in evangelistic work. And the whole organization of the native Church is maintained entirely from native sources. "The gospel is not effete—is not played out," concluded the Bishop, his deep voice ringing with enthusiasm. He was a living witness to that fact, as far as Central Africa was concerned, he added. Bishop Ingham, secretary of the C. M. S., was present, and earnestly pleaded for that society's work at the conclusion of the sermon.

Last week Sir Oliver Lodge told a gathering of Nonconformist ministers that he had prepared a new Catechism for the use of teachers and others interested in the education of the young. The Catechism, since published, is in many ways interesting. As the profession of faith of a distinguished man of science, it will compel attention in quarters where the language of a mere theologian would carry no weight. Nevertheless it must be obvious that in the eye of Dr. Clifford it would be debarred from all Council schools as a denominational document. It is, in fact, within its limits as dogmatic as the Apostles' Creed. For the Catechism expresses belief in "One Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in Whom all things consist"; in revelation through Jesus Christ, who is "worshipped by the Christian Church as the Immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the World"; in the ministry of the Holy Spirit; in prayer, and in a future life—an extension of the present. The Catechism also accepts evolution; explains "the Fall" as the stage at which man became conscious of a difference between right and wrong; makes "the normal standard attained by humanity" the means of judging actions to be right or wrong; speaks of no Atonement, but, on the contrary, represents entrance into life eternal as gained by "faithful service." It is scarcely necessary to say that the entire Catechism is pervaded by a spirit of reverence. Possibly in its essential features it differs but little from the "gospel" preached in some pulpits, more especially within certain phases of Nonconformity.

The Papal injunction to the Church in France seems ill-advised, indeed, and is awkward for Bishops who had been patriotically and loyally trying to make the

best of the existing situation. We cannot say that the fact of Cardinal Richard's having received notice to quit his palace distresses us to any extent; he is an Ultramontane, an unpatriotic vassal of the Vatican. But we agree with the Paris correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*: "Whatever may be one's political or religious creed, it is impossible not to experience commiseration for numbers of really hard-working, deserving priests, who, in the course of their lives, have never grudged their poor fellow-creatures a share of their 'pot au feu,' and who are now likely to have no 'pot au feu' for themselves. There are also aged and infirm members of the lower clergy who have been just able to make ends meet with their annual pensions, and who now, it may be feared, will have to face hard times. * * * Their case is really far more interesting than that of the wealthy Archbishop or Bishop, deprived of his palatial residence or compelled to pay the State or Commune a heavy rental for the use thereof." It is hard that the poor should have to suffer for the dreams of politicians at the Vatican. Yet, from their sufferings advantage may in the end accrue to France."

At a meeting of the General Committee of the Church Missionary Society held on Tuesday, a letter was read from Mr. Eugene Stock, resigning his position as a secretary of the Society, after a period of service extending over thirty-three years. Sir John Kennaway, who presided, expressed the Society's regret for the necessity of such a step, and the deep feeling of gratitude owed to Mr. Stock by the Church for his services on behalf of the missionary cause.

Power of Faith.

Faith, which is the source of so much human happiness, is the mainspring of human activity. It moves more than half the machinery of life. What leads the husbandman, for example, to yoke his horses when, no bud bursting to clothe the naked trees, no bird singing in hedgerows or frosty skies, nature seems dead? With faith in the regularity of her laws, in the ordinance of her God, he believes that she is not dead but sleepeth; and so he ploughs and sows in the certain expectation that he shall reap, and that these bare fields shall be green in summer with waving corn, and be merry in autumn with sun-browned reapers. The farmer is a man of faith. So is the seaman. No braver man than he who goes down to see God's wonders in the deep. Venturing his frail bark on a sea ploughed by many keels, but wearing on its bosom the furrows of none, with neither path to follow nor star to guide, the master knows no fear. When the last blue hill has dipped beneath the wave, and he is alone on a shoreless sea, he is calm and confident—his faith in the compass-needle, which, however his ship may turn, or roll, or plunge, ever points true to the north. An example is to be followed by the Christian with his Bible, on that faith venturing his all, life, crew and cargo, he steers his way boldly through darkest heights and stormiest oceans, with nothing but a thin plank between him and the grave. And though metaphysicians and divines have involved this matter of faith in mystery, be assured that there is nothing more needed for your salvation or mine than that God would inspire us with a belief in the declarations of His word as real, heartfelt, and practical, as that which we put in the laws of providence—in the due return of day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest.

COLONIAL CHURCHES.

The Old Falls Church, Fairfax County, Va.

By the Rev. George S. Somerville, Rector.

The Falls Church, so called after one of the falls of the Potomac, was built about 1734, enlarged in 1750, and rebuilt as now in 1767-69. The musty archives at Fairfax Court House contain the deed to the church grounds recorded in 1745, many years after the original church building had been erected thereon. With this yard of about one and a half acres, containing magnificent old trees and ancient graves, consecrated by burial rites and tears and by the tread of worshippers for near 200 years, this time-hallowed sanctuary stands as a venerable, indeed, and most inspiring memorial of our far-back Colonial days.

Truro parish originally included both the Falls church and Pohick church, both being served by the same rector and the same vestry, the latter meeting sometimes at one church and sometimes at another. In 1764 Truro parish was divided and a new parish, called Fairfax Parish, was formed out of it. The Falls church and Christ church, Alexandria, were then joined together to compose this second parish, both these churches having one rector and one vestry in common.

It was after this division the Falls church was rebuilt of brick as now. The contract was given out for this church and for Christ church at the same time, the Falls church, however, being completed first by some years. Both churches were to cost 600 pounds each. Mr. James Parsons was to build the Falls church. "A most particular contract was made for them," writes Bishop Meade. "The mortar is to have two-thirds of lime and one of sand, the very reverse of the proportion at this day, and which accounts for the greater durability of ancient walls. The shingles were to be of best cypress or juniper and three-quarters of an inch thick, and good authorities pronounce them in perfect condition to-day, and predict they will last hundreds of years to come. The brick is of a very hard kind and peculiar shape, and some think were brought from England.

As is well known, General George Washington was a member of the one vestry that served both the Falls church and Christ church, Alexandria. Mr. John Lynch, now an old man, who once served the Falls church as sexton for over forty years, told the writer that in his younger days he learned from a number of aged persons that it was Washington's custom, while giving his regular attendance to Christ church, also to visit and worship at the Falls church at least four times a year; this being part of his parish. The particular pew and place in church he usually occupied were said to have been marked and kept for him. This location is still pointed out, though the original floor and pews have been destroyed.

Several residents also of this village now living whose mother, Mrs. Sarah Maria Sewell, died many years since at the age of 97, still delight to repeat her descriptions of the great hero, whom in her childhood she had seen worshipping in this church. She remembered, also, his dining occasionally at her home near the church, and his taking her up in his arms and playfully caressing her. Her father, Mr. John

West, was then a member of the House of Burgesses, and his name appears on the Church Vestry.

The following entry in the old Truro Parish Vestry Book is a sample of its records:

"March 28, 1763."

"At a Vestry of Truro Parish held at the Falls Church, March 28, 1763; present: Henry Gunnell, Wm. Payne, Jr., Ch. Wardens; John West, Wm. Payne, Chas. Broadwater, Thos. Wrenn, Abra. Barnes, Dan'l McCarty, Rebt. Boggers, and George Washington; who being there met to examine into the state of the said church, greatly in decay and want of repair, and likewise whether the same shall be repaired or a new one built and whether at the same place or removed to a more convenient one * * *."

"Resolved; it is the opinion of this Vestry that the Old Church is rotten and unfit for repair but that a new church be built at the same place."

George Mason was also a member of his vestry, and at a vestry meeting held the following year to complete plans for the rebuilding of the Falls Church his name is recorded as present. In Washington's diary for 1764 is entered a copy of an advertisement for "undertakers to build Falls Church," showing him to have been on its original building committee.

Running back through its Truro days the Falls Church parish has carried on its vestry rolls the names of Capt. Augustine Washington, his son George Washington, George Mason, George Wm. Fairfax, Capt. Henry Fairfax and many others. In its yard a portion of Braddock's ill-starred army is said to have once encamped and the present building also to have been used in the Revolutionary War as the company recruiting headquarters of Col. Chas. Broadwater, one of Fairfax county's first patriots.

From its precincts, too, marched Capt. Henry Fairfax, the scholarly West Pointer, with his Fairfax volunteers to the Mexican War, his body destined to be borne back and laid to rest by these sacred walls he loved so well, and which he himself, at his own expense, had magnificently restored as an offering to His Lord.

The experience of the Falls church in the Civil War is well known. It stood throughout in the very forefront of that dreadful strife, in the constant pathway of the armies, while about it ebbed and flowed the awful tide of blood. Many a suffering, dying soldier found merciful shelter and nursing within its holy walls as a hospital. Later it was used, also, by the Federal troops as a stable. One thousand three hundred dollars was expended by the U. S. Government in 1865 on its repairs. Lastly, it was associated with the late Spanish-American War, a large portion of our American Army being encamped and trained nearby and many attended its services.

About 1787 the Falls Church was deserted as a house of worship by Episcopalians. This was the time of popular hatred and general decadence of the Church because of its imagined association with England and English tyranny. "Since then," wrote Bishop Meade, "it has been used by any who were dis-

posed to occupy it as a place of worship; and the doors and windows being opened, itself standing on the common highway, it has been entered at pleasure by travellers on the road and animals of every kind.

Some years since the attention of the professors of our Seminary and some of the students was drawn toward it, and occasional services performed there. This led to its partial repair (chiefly at the expense of Capt. Henry Fairfax, grandson of the Rev. Bryan Fairfax, a former rector of this church). The most successful effort in its behalf was made by one of those devoted youths who has given himself to Africa. Young Mr. Minor, of Fredericksburg, then a student at the Seminary, undertook the task of lay-reader, and by his untiring zeal and most affectionate manners soon collected a large Sunday-school, aided by some fellow students of kindred spirit. In losing Mr. Minor when he went to Africa the children and parents thought they had lost their all, but Providence raised up others, and doubtless will continue to raise up as many as are needed. Our Seminary will surely furnish the supply that is called for.

"The house of which we are speaking has recently been more thoroughly repaired and is now as to outward appearance, strength and comfort one of our most desirable temples of religion, bidding fair to survive successive generations of those unworthy structures which are continually rising up and falling down throughout our land. On Saturday and Sunday, assisted by several of our ministers, I performed pastoral and Episcopal duties in this church. On the latter day, in the midst of an overflowing congregation, I confirmed six persons and administered Holy Communion." Thus wrote Bishop Meade in 1827.

But as rich a storehouse of momentous historic names, events, and principles, as is this ancient sanctuary, it is equally valuable for the religious records it preserves. Virginia's progeny of illustrious Churchmen has been as noble and as numerous as her statesmen. And imbedded in the grounds and walls of this venerable shrine is the name and image of many a spiritual prince and hero. Hear but a partial roll-call of its rectors:

Rev. Chas. Green, in 1736, after being nominated to the vestry by Capt. Augustine Washington and sent to England to receive ordination from the Bishop of London, as recorded in the old parish Vestry Book; Rev. David Griffith, elected the first Bishop of Virginia, but prevented by circumstances from being sent to England for consecration; Rev. Bryan Fairfax, Washington's much-revered pastor and friend; Rev. Drs. E. C. Lippitt, James May, Joseph Packard, professors in the Virginia Theological Seminary; Bishop Horatio Southgate, previously Missionary Bishop in Constantinople; Bishop Richard Wilmer, Rev. Launcelot Byrd Minor, who died a missionary in Africa; Rev. W. H. Kinckle, also Rev. Drs. Churchill J. Gibson, Joshua Peterkin, George W. Shinn, and others, who regularly officiated here when students at the Theological Seminary, five miles distant; Bishop Madison, Virginia's first Bishop, visited this church to preach and administer confirmation; Bishop Meade officiated in and wrote most feelingly and admiringly of it in his well known history; Bishop Kinsolving, our Missionary Bishop in Brazil, there received confirmation; Rev. Dr. John McGill was twice its rector; before him Rev. Templeman Brown, and more lately Revs. Frank Page, J. Cleve-

land Hall, and R. A. Castleman were rectors. Many other noble sainted names also adorn and enrich its history.

Oh, what a perpetual standing sermon is this hallowed fane! What glorious truths it ceaselessly proclaims. Long before the Colonial Church of England changed its American local title to "Protestant Episcopal" this building was known only as the Anglican Church. A living, visible, tangible, speaking witness indeed it stands to the identity of our American branch of the Church with the Church of England, and through it to our oneness with the one Holy Historic Body of all ages and of all lands. Who can sit beneath its roof without profounder, more thrilling convictions that our worship is Apostolic; our Faith is Catholic; our Priesthood is Divine! Who can tread its grounds without feeling the throb and beat and impulse of our forefathers' unfaltering faith and their effectual fervent prayers? Who can even in passing behold it without hearing mighty voices calling and seeing brave hands beckoning to higher, grander, more enduring things than earth's brief fitful dreams.

But alas! this precious storied monument that brings down to us great messages from the past and is carrying on added tidings from ourselves to centuries of posterity to come, is now the prey of decay, dilapidation and ruin. For two years the present rector has labored strenuously for its restoration. The task and the expense have proved far greater than was anticipated. From roof to yard and enclosure all has to be renewed or reclaimed. From \$8,000 to \$10,000 is required to put building and grounds in thoroughly worthy and working condition. Of this (including a few hundreds contributed to help pay off its parish debt) about \$4,000 has been raised and expended on the church. The work has had to stop 'till further funds are secured. Our Bishop has lately seen and been greatly pleased with what has so far been done. The church's prospects for future Christian service is simply boundless, if fitted therefor. My only possible hope to complete the work is with outside help.

Christians, patriots, Churchmen, remember your sacred landmark! Honor its holy memories. Make it rejoice with renewed strength and beauty for the great Jubilee Year of 1907!

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Holy Scripture and Christian Faith.

FROM THE CONVENTION ADDRESS OF THE R. T.
REV. WM. CROSWELL DOANE, D. D.
BISHOP OF ALBANY.

I have taken occasion during this past year to speak, once in an address before the Church Club in Philadelphia, and once in a series of letters addressed to the clergy and people of this Diocese, upon two matters which seem to me of very real interest and importance. I called one of the papers Reconciliations and the other Reassurance, and now to add the third I want to say a word, which I think I may call Restoration, in regard to certain existing conditions, the causes which have led up, or rather down, to them, and a suggestion for their cure. The existing conditions are of unsettlement, uncertainty and unrest. Somehow they seem to have struck in from the outside world. Sometimes they seem to be epidemic in almost all the departments of life. They are neither new nor unusual conditions, only they press on us in the problems of the present day with more visible and audible reality than in the record of their own history. They

are not old foes with new faces which confront us, but in large degree old foes with their old faces, which we would recognize, if we looked in the mirror of history and labeled them with their old name.

We are concerned to do what in us lies to expose and suppress these enemies to peace and unity and order in the world everywhere. The preacher of righteousness has need to urge his message upon the consciences of men in their civic, their commercial, and their social relations, to condemn venality and vice in politics without preaching partisan political sermons; to denounce dishonesty in business and faithlessness to trust without vilifying and vituperating individuals; and to proclaim fearlessly the sins of society, without branding classes or persons, whether they be gambling or licentiousness or luxuriously or worldliness or profanity or drunkenness, or the light-holding and easy-loosing of the marriage bond; and as part and parcel of our teaching, publicly and from house to house, to press home the neglected duties which lie at the root of so much wrong—the observance of the Lord's Day for rest and worship, the building up of homes on Christian foundations with their family worship and blessed too, the training of children by teaching and example in our most holy religion, the recognition of stewardship for every kind of talent, the obligation of the blood relationship of brotherhood in the common universal Sonship of God. And so one might go on with a long catalogue of what seem to be the crying causes of the prevalent evil habits of to-day. Back of it all is the urgency of this week's Epistle—"our conversation, our citizenship is in heaven." Looking within at our own church life, at the unsettlement and unrest, which appears more than I really think it is, I want to speak to you of what I have called restoration; I mean the resumption of certain phases of worship, of preaching, and of pastoral life, which have fallen largely into disuse, and which I honestly believe we would do well to study and copy, as "Isaac digged again the weirs of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father."

And first of all, and most important, I count the restoration of the Bible to its holy place of trustful reverence and constant reading. That old Jew, Apollos, whom Paul took and instructed, was "mighty in the Scriptures" and we are not, neither preacher nor people. Our sermons are not saturated with the Scripture. Thank God the Church's services are. And the Bible is largely an unread and unknown book to children and to people of middle age. The misuse and the misunderstanding of criticism is responsible for this in no slight degree. I am content to be relegated to the back seat of a not up-to-date person, if what I say is misquoted and misunderstood. When criticism is rightly used and rightly understood, it tends only to strengthen the authority and to enhance our amazed reverence for the Holy Scriptures. Only a collection of books preserved by the Spirit of God which is in them could have withstood the attacks and assaults to which, through all the centuries, they have been exposed. The Master's words are true to-day as when He flung their divine challenge in the teeth of the Jews, that to those who search the Scriptures as men search for hidden treasures, they testify of Him. But search for treasure needs to be done in the spirit of an expectation to find it, else it would weary soon of its effort and in faint-hearted disappointment give up

the search before the treasure is found, and then declare that there is no treasure there. And then it needs to be done with due regard to the superstructure under which men dig. I mean by that frankly to say that the great up-built system of the Christian faith must be considered and conserved. I suppose a man might be permitted, without confinement in a gaol or in a madhouse, to dig his cellar out under the impression that it concealed some hidden thing he wished to find, and so tumble his own house about his own ears. But this is a case where the house is not his own. It is the common homestead of universal Christendom. It is the ancestral home of all the centuries of Christianity. Whole humanity has vested rights in it. It is ours, all ours, by the entail of all the ages, and no man has the right to disturb or destroy its old foundations in the pursuit of new discoveries. Old Cranmer would not have needed to burn the hand that wrote in the *Reformatio Legum* these strong words, "Let the Scriptures be interpreted according to the creeds." It is an inconceivable impossibility that there should be contradictions found between the old Bible and the old creeds, under whose clear, consentient, fundamental truths Christianity has won its victories over the world. Deeper and richer meanings will unfold themselves as new sidelights are thrown upon the Scriptures and the Creeds, or as the Holy Ghost reveals more and more their wealth of revelation to the reverent student's eye. But to find some new interpretation which flatly contradicts a plain historic statement of a fact, is to find a false interpretation which contradicts itself. I am quite sure that we are bound, in season and out of season, to maintain against the recrudescence of old denials, or the new crudeness of unattested and undigested discoveries, the absolute authority and authenticity of the books of the Holy Scripture as a whole, and the absolute assurance and certainty of the facts that are stated in the Catholic creeds.

Let me diverge a moment to call attention to a strange development of modern thought. It is the fashion to deny what are called miracles as impossible and to decry mysteries as beneath the dignity of the human intellect to receive. People must keep on the hob-nailed shoes of their rough intrusion, no matter how holy the ground is, until they can find out and explain the how and the why, and so remove the mystery, and then think that they believe it. And yet, these same people, with marvellous inconsistency, have come in these later years to reject the only explained mystery of the faith. It has pleased God, in the Scriptures and in the Creeds, to explain the mystery of the Incarnation, to explain it in a way that condescends to our partial and feeble power of comprehension. All other attempts to account for the double nature in the single personality of the God-man fail, either on the divine or on the human side. All the so-called interpretations which flatly contradict the scriptural and credal explanations by the suggestion of a human generation of the manhood into which, as substitute for or supplement of the human soul, the Divine Spirit entered to deify one man, rob the whole human race of any touch with God. Just the one man stands alone, apart, upon an inaccessible unapproachable height of individual isolation. But the Child that was "conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary," the ever virgin, betrothed but never wedded to a man, solves the mystery and satisfies the

longings of humanity. This is incarnation. This is the Word made flesh. This is "the taking of manhood into God." This makes the life of Jesus Christ, from His conception to His Resurrection, one harmonious, consistent, intelligible whole. It would be incredible inconsistency, if it were not a plain and patent fact, that the men who scorn mystery because it cannot be explained, reject the only explanation of the one mystery of the Incarnation. It stands out, this article, in the Scriptures, both in prophecy and in history, and in the creeds, conspicuously before and above any other article of the Christian faith.

Just what His Resurrection Body was is not explained. Just what the bodies of the risen are it has not defined. Just how and in what time Almighty God created the heavens and the earth the Creed do not care to say. Just how the Holy Ghost spake by the prophets we are not told. Just what the place of departed spirits is, to which our Lord's human soul descended, or where or what the heaven is into which He ascended is left, not tied down to the meaning of these words in any particular age of the Church, but only as declaring the fact of our Lord's preaching to the spirits in prison when His human soul went where all human souls are waiting for the Resurrection, or as asserting our Lord's return to resume His shared sovereignty with the Father. This one fact, the Incarnation, as revealed in the disputed but not disproved gospels, and set forth in the Creeds, stands out from every other statement in an atmosphere of its own; as a great snow peak like the Jungfrau (the maiden, the virgin) lifts the perpetual purity of its unsullied whiteness into the azure of the sky. The supreme, sublime, fundamental, central, cardinal truth of the Incarnation is explained in the one way which appeals to our comprehension and describes the fact and the manner of its accomplishment; and the fact and the manner of the fact are so inseparably tied and bound together that to refuse the one is to reject them both. Surely a human explanation of the divine explanation is an irreverence at the beginning, and in the end, a denial.

"If any friends have alabaster boxes filled with fragrant perfumes of sympathy and love laid away, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need them. Do not keep your love and tenderness sealed until I am dead. Fill my life with sweetness, speak approving, cheering words while my ears can hear and while my heart can be made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when I am gone, say before I go; the flowers you mean to send for my casket, send to brighten and sweeten my home before I leave. I would rather have a plain casket, without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit, flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way."

If there is nothing celestial without us, it is only because all is earthly within; if no divine colors upon our lot, it is because the holy light is faded on the soul; if our Father seem distant, it is because we have taken our portion of goods and traveled into a far country.—*Martineau*

Church Intelligence.

Calendar for January.

- 1—Tuesday—Circumcision.
- 6—The Epiphany.
- 13—First Sunday after Epiphany.
- 20—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
- 25—Conversion of St. Paul.
- 27—Septuagesima.

Collect for the Epiphany.

O God, who, by the leading of a star, didst manifest Thy only-begotten Son to the Gentiles; mercifully grant that we, who know Thee now by faith, may, after this life, have the fruition of Thy glorious Godhead; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Layman's Letter to Dr. Crapsey.

1530 REAL ESTATE TRUST BUILDING,
PHILADELPHIA, December 1, 1906.
Rev. Algernon Sidney Crapsey:

Dear Sir:—I am only one of several "thousands of laymen" to whom in your letter of November 26th, to Bishop Walker, you particularly appeal, and who wonder not only at the difficulties you have gotten into with your Church, but at the troubles of your mind as to matters and beliefs which are neither original nor new. Either there is a God or there is not a God. If there is not a God, then, of course, such non-existing Deity was not incarnate, either in Jesus Christ or in any other form, and consequently Jesus Christ was pathetically mistaken in asserting the existence of that incarnation. On the other hand, if there is a God, as the vast majority of sane and reasonable persons believe, then where is the difficulty in believing that by an act of His Spirit and will, the Virgin Mary conceived a child entirely without the interposition of a human father? You would have God to be a being of limitation and subordination to His own law. Can God be omnipotent if He, though He have the power to institute a law, must be obliged to obey it strictly and without variation? You make the law-giver inferior to the law which He has made when you deny His power to create a human form by a special act of His creative will and force, and insist that He must have done so in the usual way by the interposition of human agency. That is really what you mean when you take refuge in the subterfuge that "the Virgin birth accounts were not historical." As you do not appear to wish us to depend upon the omnipotence of God alone, then we must look at the facts as they are recorded. So far as what may be termed history is concerned, the weight of historical evidence is all in favor of the Virgin birth as opposed to any theory of the human fatherhood of Christ.

You would have mankind go back to what I understand to be an old disbelief abandoned ages ago, to-wit: that Christ had a human father, and that God, by a special act, entered into and sanctified that child, and so in Him became incarnate. But such an act also would be in variance with the usual law or course of things as manifested in the life of human beings. If you are willing to admit a variance at all, if you concede an incarnation by God in the child born to Joseph and Mary, where is the difficulty in admitting and believing that God preferred, as He did, that the incarnation should take place through the conception of the Virgin Mary by a special act of His will without the assistance of the agency of a human father? Finally, why is this so-called miraculous conception any more wonderful or contrary to history than

the first creation of man? The first man, if you believe the Bible, not only had no human father, but was also without a mother. Even if the evolution theory be true, the gradual change through countless ages from protoplasm to man is as far beyond finite comprehension as a specific act of creation at the outset. But evolution is a mere hypothesis, absolutely unproven and unprovable. In conclusion—in regard to the Resurrection and Ascension—the return to life by Jesus in the same physical form and body (so far as men were able to detect) which He possessed before His crucifixion, is as well proven an historical fact as the existence of any of the historical personages of antiquity and many of those of more modern times, as to whom we never require proof. If the "many other men," "puzzled" as you profess them to be, will read for themselves, and not depend upon such self-confessed "puzzled" expounders of Scriptures as you are, they will have no confusion of mind and no trouble in understanding that Creed, which, though often questioned, has stood unchanged for ages and will so stand to the end of time. Pardon my intrusion, but you ask that "everyone speak his mind fully" whereby "the truth will soon have such a multitude of witnesses that all in the Church must hear."

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK CARROLL BREWSTER, Jr.

Ordination.

On the Wednesday in Ember Week, December 19, 1906, in the Cathedral, Chicago, Ill., the Rev. Robert Arnold Chace was advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Anderson. The Rev. Simon B. Blunt, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, presented the candidate, and the Rev. C. E. Deuel, rector of the Church of the Ascension, preached the sermon. The Litany was said by the Rev. Meade B. MacBryde, assistant minister of St. Peter's church, Baltimore, Md., who also assisted in the laying on of hands. It will be remembered that Mr. Chace, while a student of theology in Philadelphia, assisted for several summers at Christ church, Blacksburg (Diocese of Southern Virginia), where his many friends and acquaintances wish him God's speed in his work.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, D. D., Bishop.
Archdeaconry of Reading—Sermons to Men.

The Winter Session of the Archdeaconry of Reading is appointed for Monday and Tuesday, January 14 and 15, 1907, as the guests of Christ church, Reading, Rev. W. P. Orrick, D. D., rector.

The Archdeacon will make his formal report, and there will be brief reports from the field, by Rev. Messrs. Warnock and Angell; a stereopticon lecture, "300 Years of the American Church," in the interests of the M. T. O. with addresses by Bishop Talbot, Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, D. D., Rev. P. M. Kerridge, Rev. S. U. Mitman, Rev. John Mitchell Page and Rev. A. B. Putnam.

The Rev. F. L. Flinchbaugh, vicar of Calvary church, Wilkes-Barre, gave a special series of sermons to men on the Sunday evenings during last Advent.

Slatington has just arranged for every dollar of the \$9,000 which the new church not yet opened cost. The Ladies' Aid will supply furnishings, which will be extra. Archdeacon Radcliffe, who has been in charge, leaves here about February 1st for Ridgway,

in the Diocese of Pittsburgh. Many of the clergy and laity have expressed regrets.

WASHINGTON.

Rt. Rev. H. Y. Satterlee, D. D., Bishop.

Ordination—Brotherhood Officers Elected—International Convention of Brotherhood of St. Andrew—The Shocking Railroad Tragedy Near Washington.

In the Pro-Cathedral of the Ascension, Washington, on Sunday, December 23d, at midday, Dr. Satterlee, Bishop of the Diocese, admitted the Rev. Homer Deis, deacon, to "the Order of Priesthood." The Rev. Dr. Devries, rector of St. Mark's parish, Capitol Hill, preached the sermon, and also presented the candidate, his assistant at St. Mark's, to the Bishop for ordination.

The Bishop was celebrant in the Holy Communion and was assisted in the administration by the rector of the Pro-Cathedral, the Rev. Clement Brown, the Rev. Dr. George Williamson Smith, professor emeritus of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and now residing in Washington, and the Rev. Dr. Sterrett, assistant minister in Epiphany church, Washington.

Mr. Deis is a Washingtonian, and has but recently returned to his native city from a Western jurisdiction, where he spent the early part of his diaconate in mission work.

On a recent Sunday in December the executive committee of the Diocesan Brotherhood of St. Andrew elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, William B. Dent, of St. Paul's Chapter, Washington; vice-president, William H. Singleton, of St. Michael and All Angels, Washington; corresponding secretary, and treasurer, Bert T. Amos, of Trinity church, Washington; recording secretary, John Lewis Gibbs, of St. Andrew's church, Washington; and chaplain, the Rev. John A. Aspinwall, rector emeritus of St. Thomas's church, Washington.

In preparation for the International Convention of St. Andrew's Brotherhood, which will meet in Washington September 25-29, 1907, the following chairmen of committees of local arrangements have been appointed: Finance, William H. Singleton, of St. Michael and All Angels Chapter, Washington; transportation, George R. Anderson, of St. Andrew's Chapter; press and printing, Bert T. Amos, of Trinity Chapter; hospitality, General Cecil Clay, of St. Andrew's Chapter; halls, John Lane Johns, of Christ church, Navy Yard, Chapter; music, Dr. Gabriel F. Johnston, of St. Thomas's Chapter; junior work, John Lewis Gibbs, of St. Andrew's Chapter.

Organization will soon take place and the work of preparation for the entertainment and care of this great assembly will begin.

In the death a short while ago of Mr. Lewis E. Duvall, Grace church, Washington, lost a valuable layman and its St. Andrew's Brotherhood chapter mourns for one of its most devoted members, as well as its efficient treasurer.

In a letter in last week's Southern Churchman the Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Middletown, Va., finds serious fault with my notice of his visit to Washington in the interests of his work in Strasburg, Va. I stated that he had said to the Woman's Auxiliary that Virginia could give him no more money for Strasburg, and, further, asked if there were not some Virginians who could and would help him. If an apology or explanation is necessary, I hereby make it to my broth-

er of the Valley, but, with the further explanation that I was misled by another, from whose hand it came to me, and who misunderstood Mr. Robinson, evidently.

St. Andrew's church, Washington, has recently held a very successful fair for its own benefit, realizing more than \$2,500 in receipts.

For a like purpose, the Pro-Cathedral church of the Ascension gave a like function, and made a profit of about \$1,000.

Our community, including the suburbs, was tremendously shocked on Sunday night, December 30th, at the news, through "extras" of the daily papers, of a great wreck a few miles from Washington, in the District, on the Metropolitan Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. A dense fog, almost equal to a London fog, covered the country for many miles, rendering traveling on railroads dangerous in the extreme, and compelling, as one would suppose, unusual caution and watchfulness on the part of railroad men. While at its greatest density an engine and eight or ten empty coaches, running at a dangerous rate of speed for the time, crashed into the rear end of a local train of three cars, crowded with passengers—men, women and children—and telescoped it almost up to the engine propelling the local train. In an instant the cheerful hundreds of people, going to the Capital, and belonging to Washington, nearby towns, and some from distant States, were crushed into a mass of wounds and broken bones and death; and the little hamlet of Terra Cotta, D. C., became the scene of one of the most cruelly tragical events in railroad history.

As I write the dead number forty-six, with the prospect of several more fatal endings of injuries, and nearly a hundred were injured, more or less seriously. Families were broken up and some almost destroyed by the iron monster.

I make special mention of a few of the many sad cases: Dr. E. Oliver Belt, a Marylander and one of Washington's rising specialists for the eye and ear, leaving his wife at home that morning to care for their youngest child of three years, suffering with a broken leg, took his two older sons, little fellows, to the country for a few hours' outing. The father and two boys were killed, and the poor mother and widow sits with her little one in the ashes of unspeakable sorrow. Dr. Belt was a son of one of Maryland's most honored Church families, and a zealous Churchman himself, was busy in the Church's work; but that which will keep his name most green in our midst is the Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, of which he was one of the founders, and in which he was an active surgeon, and its secretary also, to his latest day. The next victim of the awful slaughter is Miss Alice Bohrer, of Baltimore, a daughter of the late Dr. Bohrer, of Georgetown and Baltimore, and a cousin of the late Dr. Julius E. Grammer, of Baltimore. She boarded the train at Garrett Park, Md., where she had made a short visit to her brother, Dr. Bohrer. Against her brother's earnest wishes and entreaties, Miss Bohrer insisted upon starting for her Baltimore home, and especially to carry flowers to a dying friend of her family; and behold! her brother found her body, crushed and mangled, in the city morgue, where many other precious remains were found by stricken friends. Miss Bohrer was a devoted member of the Church of her mother, who was a daughter of the old and honorable Owings family, of the Garrison Forest Valley country and parish, Maryland; and the "Lost Cause" had no more warm or loving friend in Maryland during many past years.

The third and last in the bloody trag-

edy I mention is Professor T. J. King, of Kensington, Md., statistician at the Naval Observatory, a busy government official, he yet found time to cultivate music to a high degree, and the praises of the Church he led as organist. Himself a Baptist of broad mind, he was organist at the Wesley Methodist church, Washington, his objective point when done to death; and up to nearly 5 o'clock of Sunday afternoon, only an hour and a half before he went to Terra Cotta to die, he was a kind helper in the singing of the Christmas festival music in Christ church, Kensington.

While sorrowful over this great tragedy, I can and do wish for every Southern Churchman reader a Happy New Year!

W.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Rt. Rev. G. W. Peterkin, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. W. L. Gravatt, D. D., Coadjutor.

Churchman's Club Banquet—Death of Rev. E. D. Irvine—New Rectory for St. Paul's, Weston—Illustrated Lecture—New Chapel at Tavernersville.

The Churchman's Club of Trinity church, Moundsville, gave its first annual banquet in the parish house on Monday, December 10th, having as special guests the Bishop-Coadjutor, Rev. Jacob Brittingham, Mr. Robert Lee Boyd and the vestry of the parish. The event was a notable one in the parish and most enjoyable. The toast-master was Mr. Winston L. Carter, president of the Club, who made an address upon the Club and its work. Rev. Mr. Christman spoke on The Parish; Rev. J. Brittingham on The Men and Personal Work. Mr. Boyd on The Layman's Thank Offering, and Bishop Gravatt on The Diocese and its Needs.

The Constitution of this Club says: "The sole object of the Churchman's Club shall be the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of Trinity parish, and to this end every man desiring to become a member thereof must pledge himself to obey the rules of the Club so long as he shall be a member. These rules are two; viz:

"1. To make an earnest effort to increase the attendance at the public services of the church on Sunday.

"2. To give personal and hearty cooperation in all active work for the advancement of this parish."

The new church for Grace mission, Tavernersville, Parkersburg, is nearing completion, as are the church and rectory of St. Andrew's, Wheeling, and the church being built by Rev. P. N. MacDonald for the mission at Standad. It is for this latter and another that an advertisement in the Southern Churchman, signed Rector of Kanawha Missions, is asking pews and chancel furniture. It is a good work to help.

The canvass of the coal operations contiguous to the Sheltering Arms Hospital by the Bishop and Mr. Spurr, to raise money with which to build a new brick hospital, has met with encouraging success, some \$15,000 having been subscribed. This makes the success of the enterprise assured.

For the second time within a month we are called upon to chronicle the death of one of our West Virginia clergy. Rev. Edward Duncombe Irvine, M. A., after a short illness, departed this life on December 15th, at the rectory of Christ church, Wellsburg, having reached his sixtieth year. He was of English birth and educated at Kenyon and the Gambier Seminary, ordered deacon and priest in 1871-1872 by Bishop Bedell, and spent his ministry in the Dioceses of Ohio, Southern Ohio, Spring-

field, Nebraska, Michigan and West Virginia, coming to the latter as rector of Christ church, Wellsburg, in 1903. The funeral services were conducted in Christ church on Monday, December 17th, by the Bishop, assisted by Revs. Messrs. Brittingham, Cunan, Crook and Barnes, and the interment was at Wakeman, Ohio. Mr. Irvine's first charge, and was conducted by Bishop Peterkin and Rev. Walter Scott, of Oberlin, Ohio. During the four years of his ministry, Mr. Irvine made many friends among his brethren and was greatly endeared to the people among whom he labored faithfully.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Marley will be glad to learn of his safe arrival at Boulder, Colorado, and his pleasant domicile with Dr. Rupert, a former parishioner of his, at Powellton, W. Va. We hope for speedy relief to our brother in the rarer air of his high home.

The vestry and congregation of St. Paul's, Weston, have definitely decided on building a new rectory. The present one will be disposed of and the new one erected on a lot adjoining the handsome stone church. It is hoped the work will begin with the coming of spring.

The illustrated lecture: "Three Hundred Years of Christianity in America," delivered in December at ten points in Jefferson, Berkeley and Hampshire counties, by Rev. D. W. Howard, of St. Matthew's, Wheeling, assisted by Dr. W. S. Hamilton, who operated the stereopticon, excited much interest in the Men's Thank Offering, in which behalf it was delivered. At Shepherdstown some persons were unable to get into the hall where the lecture was delivered.

Bishop Peterkin is to have as his guest at Epiphany the Bishop of Porto Rico, who will on that day address the congregations of Trinity and the Good Shepherd, Parkersburg, and Christ, Williamson. As Bishop Van Buren's home was at one time on the Ohio river in Mason county, W. Va., it is like coming home to him to get before West Virginia congregations.

The mission at Tavernesville, opposite Parkersburg, on the Little Kanawha, is rejoicing in the completion of a neat new chapel.

The Junor Guild of St. Stephen's, Romney, Rev. Geo. A. Gibbons, rector, have been making extensive improvements in the choir-room and chancel of the church, putting in handsome choir stalls and a bishop's chair.

During the vacancy at Hinton, Rev. A. M. Lewis has engaged to hold services there each third Sunday of the month.

J. S. G.

SOUTHERN VIRGINIA.

Rt. Rev. N. M. Randolph, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. B. D. Tucker, D. D., Coadjutor.

Franklin County.

Much of the work in the Diocese of Southern Virginia is of a missionary character. Especially is this true of the country parishes. We hear much of the mountain work in the papers and a great work it undoubtedly is. Work of this character is an absorbing topic in the Diocese of Virginia, and many clergymen ask if there is not work of a similar character to be done in the Diocese of Southern Virginia. There is no field readier for the sower and the reaper. Of course men have to be especially fitted by temperament and nature for this kind of work, and the present pastor of the parish in Franklin county, the Rev. William T. Roberts, has gifts that qualify him to do this kind of work.

Recently Bishop Tucker visited this parish. The two churches, Emmanuel and Ascension, are located in the mountains, the work being strictly of a missionary character. The Bishop was delighted with what was being done. Large congregations greeted him, and gave him a cordial welcome. Near the first named church, Emmanuel, is a neat and attractive school house, costing only about \$300. It has an admirable matron in charge, who teaches the children not only on week days, but Sundays also, for on Sundays she has charge of the Sunday-school, which is large and flourishing. Her work is practically that of a deaconess. The work at Ascension is of a similar character, except that of the school.

The church at Rocky Mount is undergoing elaborate improvements. It was a frame building, and anything but attractive looking. Now it has been encased in stone and the church lengthened. Its style of architecture is Gothic, and there is a beautiful chancel, with robing rooms for pastor and choir. This work is not completed yet, but when it is there will be no more attractive church among the smaller churches in the Diocese.

Mr. Roberts has the esteem and respect of every one. He is recognized as a fine preacher, good pastor and excellent worker. A good deal of the work done on the church in Rocky Mount was done by Mr. Roberts.

A new church has recently been built in Newport News—Grace church. The Rev. Mr. Geiger has charge of this work. The exterior has been completed and the interior is still in process of completion.

A few weeks ago an interesting service was held, the laying of the cornerstone which was laid by the Masonic Lodge. An address was made by Dr. Estill. Bishop Tucker read the service, and the vestry of St. Paul's, Newport News, presented the deeds to the property. The work is steadily growing, under the active leadership of its rector, the Rev. Mr. Geiger.

On January 7th there will be a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of Christ church, Norfolk. Bishops Randolph and Tucker will make addresses.

VIRGINIA.

Rt. Rev. R. A. Gibson, D. D., Bishop.

Christmas Day in Richmond.

Christmas passed off in Richmond with its characteristic brightness. The churches were well attended and the grateful thoughts incident to the coming of the Son of God into the world impressed themselves anew in the hearts of many as they heard the glad tidings proclaimed again in the beautiful services of the Church.

It was a happy time for the poor of the city. The prosperity of the year which has gone, found expression in caring for God's own, and thus showing the beauty of fulfilling the law of love. Never before in the city perhaps has there been greater effort to minister to the wants of those in need. All classes and creeds united and the poor, one and all fared well.

Among the Church services was one at the Memorial Hospital on Christmas Day in the afternoon. The patients were wheeled into the outer hall on their beds and in rolling chairs. The service was conducted by the City Missionary, and the music which brought so much enjoyment to all, was rendered by members of the combined choirs of St. Paul's, Holy Trinity, St. Mark's and Epiphany churches.

Emmanuel Church, Henrico.

The Christmas services at Emmanuel church, Henrico county, were particularly impressive. The music was of high order and the sermon by the rector, Rev. E. E. Osgood, was able and appropriate.

On Wednesday the Sunday-school celebration was held. There is a large enrollment, and it was announced that at least one out of every ten scholars had not missed a single service during the year. The offering at the church service on Christmas morning was for the Disabled Clergy Fund, and amounted to more than \$500.

On Wednesday night the mission in Hanover, which is in charge of Mr. Osgood, had its Christmas celebration. There being no church building the services were held in a private house, and the room was beautifully decorated for the purpose. The reading desk was a present of a gentleman of the Baptist Church, and it was used for the first time at this service. Here, too, most encouraging reports of interest in the Sunday-school by teachers and scholars was shown.

Mr. Osgood has been having services in a school building in the neighborhood, but this not being available now, he is looking forward to a chapel of his own. The land has been donated and part of the money pledged for the purpose.

Archdeacon Tyler visited Emmanuel church, Henrico, on Sunday, December 23d, making addresses to Sunday-school and congregation, on Diocesan Missions.

Clergyman Married.

The Rev. Wythe Leigh Kinsolving, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Barton Heights, near Richmond, was married on December 28th, to Miss Annie Laurie Pitt, daughter of the Rev. R. H. Pitt, D. D., editor of the Religious Herald. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, in Barton Heights, by the Rt. Rev. George Herbert Kinsolving, D. D., Bishop of Texas, and brother of Mr. Kinsolving, Rev. Dr. Pitt pronouncing the blessing.

Death of Mrs. R. C. Cowling.

Mrs. R. C. Cowling, wife of the rector of Christ church, Middlesex county, died suddenly at her home in that place on Wednesday, December 26th. She was a most estimable lady, being known and loved, through her Christian character, by a wide circle of friends both without and within the parish, and the hearts of all go out to her husband in loving sympathy in this his sore affliction.

Called to Texas.

The Rev. Benjamin Dennis, rector of Meade Memorial church, Manchester, Va., has been called to Christ church, Tyler, Texas. Mr. Dennis is one of the useful and consecrated in his Diocese. He is a graduate of the Virginia Theological Seminary, and has had parishes in Virginia and Alabama. He came to Manchester about ten years ago. His work there has been, probably, the best that has ever been done in the parish. Many names have been added to the communicant list; the church building and rectory have been remodelled, and generally improved; the pecuniary obligations have been met, and the church has made itself known in missionary activities. Manchester being on the outskirts of Richmond, there have been many removals, business interests calling the people away. Much effort has been necessary to meet the needs and renew the strength incident to these causes. Mr. Dennis has been the man

for such conditions; his faithfulness has had its fruits, and the parish is a useful and aggressive one. It is not known if Mr. Dennis will accept the call to Texas.

Christ church, Tyler, is a useful one, and with a communicant list of nearly two hundred, in a promising section.

The Rev. Joseph F. Mitchell, of Bracey, in the Diocese of Southern Virginia, has been invited to take charge of Meade chapel, Alexandria. This is a work of the colored people, and is in the parish of Christ church. Much good has been done here in the past and it is a promising field for the growth of the Church.

Death of a Valued Churchwoman.

Mrs. W. H. Ribble died at her home, in Wytheville, Va., on December 28th. She was a most estimable lady, known and loved by a wide circle in the Church. She was the wife of Dr. W. H. Ribble and the daughter of the Rev. Frederick D. Goodwin, one of the great and good men of the Church. Three of her sons are in the ministry: The Rev. Messrs. F. D. Ribble and J. F. Ribble, of Petersburg, and the Rev. G. Wallace Ribble, of Halifax county, Va., late of the Brazilian Mission. Her other children are Dr. W. H. Ribble, of Wytheville; Mr. Arthur Ribble, of Norfolk, and Misses Kate, Mary and Llewla Ribble, of Wytheville. She was the sister of the Rev. Messrs. R. A. Goodwin, of St. John's church, Richmond, and E. L. Goodwin, of Fairfax, Va., and the aunt of the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, of Williamsburg.

The Bishop visited the Church of the Incarnation, Mineral, on the First Sunday in Advent, and confirmed a class of twenty-three, presented by the rector, the Rev. Morris Eagle. Mr. Eagle has declined a call recently extended him to become rector of Christ church, Bluefield, W. Va.

MARYLAND.

Rt. Rev. Wm. Paret, D. D., Bishop.

St. Bartholomew's Reopened.

St. Bartholomew's church, the Rev. Wm. Page Dame, rector, was reopened with special services Friday evening, December 21st, after being closed for several months for repairs. The church now appears almost new, the improvements having been extensive. The rear wall was removed and the building extended more than forty feet. A transept was also built on the side, and a Sunday-school room sixty-one feet in length has been equipped in the basement.

Thirty clergymen of the city were present in honor of the reopening, and addresses were made by the Bishop of the Diocese, and by the Rev. Edward H. Ingle, a former rector. The Bishop said that he is in favor of large churches, because they give an air of invitation to the public, even though the pews are but partially filled. "A small church, though crowded," he said, "suggests rather the idea of proprietorship."

An unusual tribute was the purse containing \$250 in gold, presented to the Rev. Robert Allen Castleman last week by the people of Bel Air. Mr. Castleman has been the rector of Emmanuel church for eleven years, from which he has just resigned to accept the call to Grace church, Elkridge. During his pastorate in Bel Air he has done a great deal of consistent work, not only in the confines of his own parish, but with all

classes of people, irrespective of creed. The list of donors of the purse includes men of every religious denomination. The unanimous indorsement of every minister in Bel Air was flattering. Every one was a member of the donor's list and each delivered affecting addresses. The presentation was made by Rev. Spencer S. Greenwell, pastor of the Presbyterian church. He spoke of the faithful years Mr. Castleman had spent in Bel Air and of the respect and esteem which he had won from everybody.

Mr. J. George Carl, who has been serving at Holy Trinity church, North Gilmor street, since the resignation of the former rector, Rev. W. B. McPherson, was ordained to the diaconate Saturday morning, December 22d, in St. Luke's church, of which he is a member. Bishop Paret officiated, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. W. B. McPherson.

DELAWARE.

Rt. Rev. Leighton Coleman, S. T. D., Bishop.

Parish Notes—Christmas Notes.

In St. John's parish, Wilmington, the congregation were glad to return to their church building on Christmas Day, and use the new altar just put in position. It is of Indiana limestone, approached by three steps of the same material. Back of it is a reredos, made in Venice. The reredos is also of Indiana limestone, the panels ornamented with angelic figures of white marble, carved in Venice. Behind and above this is a new and handsome stained glass window, representing Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." It also was made in Europe and is a memorial to Mrs. Francis J. du Pont, for many years senior warden of this parish. The Bishop was present, celebrating the Holy Communion, preaching the sermon, and consecrating the altar and window.

In Immanuel, Wilmington, the Babies' Branch at its recent meeting received five new members, making at present an active membership of forty-two. Besides these, mothers hold and use memorial boxes for ten children "entered into life." The rector after a brief devotional service read reports from those to whom money was sent when the boxes were last opened, the Hospital for Babies in this city, and Mr. R. Ishii's work in Tokyo, Japan, and made an address. Many in the congregation surprised the rector and his wife on the tenth anniversary of their wedding, meeting at the rectory with quite a number of appropriate presents, all duly appreciated.

The Men's Guild held a reception recently in the parish room, for all the workers in the parish guilds. It was well attended. Refreshments were served, reports received of work done, and addresses made. After singing and prayer they adjourned to hold similar meetings from time to time.

Immanuel parish, New Castle, held a successful choral service this month, Wilmington friends helping, including a male quartette. In a neighboring diocese there recently entered into rest Miss Mary Ross, a native of this parish, granddaughter of George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and great-granddaughter of the Rev. George Ross, sent to Immanuel, New Castle, by the S. P. G. F. in 1705 A. D., who was rector here fifty years. She was ninety-two years of age at her death.

In Holy Trinity, Old Swedes, Wil-

mington, the rector of Trinity and the vicar exchange once a month on a Sunday evening, to the unity and advantage of both clergy and congregations. An organ fund has been started in memory of the Rev. M. B. Dunlap. A boys' cadet corps has been organized.

Christ church, Dover, has contracted with Messrs. Hook & Hastings for a new organ. A handsome window, manufactured by Meyer & Co., of Munich, Germany, has recently been put in this church in memory of the late senior warden, Dr. Henry Ridgely.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew is providing Prayer Books and Hymnals for the bed-rooms of a number of the Wilmington hotels.

Christmas Sunday-school services and exercises are being held in the various parishes this last week in the year. Various charitable and religious organizations in Wilmington are trying to brighten the season for the poor. The Salvation Army fed 635 at a Christmas dinner, and gave some home baskets to twenty families; but spent a large share of their fund this year on clothing, knowing it would last the receivers longer than a feast. Four hundred and thirty children received garments and shoes. The Police Department dressed a Christmas tree with gifts for one thousand children. City Court was held early December 24th that business might be finished, and room made for the children and their fun.

SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

Rt. Rev. W. C. Gray, D. D., Bishop.

New Mission at Wauchula—Church Home and Infirmary.

The Bishop recently made a visitation to Wauchula, which is a new mission point recently opened, and one of the eight missions and mission stations under the care of the Rev. W. P. Browne. The Bishop's visit to Wauchula proved quite a chapter in the history of the Church in this section. Many improvements have been made in Wauchula, and many people have lately moved in. The Bishop held a good service in the large hall of the place, with a promiscuous congregation, to whom he preached a sermon giving clear instructions concerning the Church and the great truths of Christianity, and for which many thanked him at its close. A petition, signed by seventeen persons, was presented to the Bishop, requesting that this point might be accepted as an organized mission, to which the Bishop consented, giving as its future name, The Church of the Advent, and appointing the necessary officers. Two fine lots have been secured, upon which the church will be admirably situated. The Bishop held service, with celebration of Holy Communion the following morning, in a private house, seventeen persons being present and receiving. "A most interesting and blessed service; the Bishop says, "and so many thanked me." A branch of the Woman's Auxiliary has also been recently organized at Wauchula.

The Rev. E. N. Webber has recently arrived from Pennsylvania and has taken charge of Titusville, Coosa, Melbourne and one or more minor points of the upper East Coast District.

The annual sale of the Southern Florida Junior Auxiliary Home and Hospital in Orlando was held at Bishopstead, on December 5th. A goodly array of pretty and useful articles and toys were displayed in the parlor, library and hall, and tea and cake were served in the dining-room, as also delicious candy. The tables were presided

over by the ladies of the cathedral congregation, assisted by the young girls of the Junior Auxiliary. A good sum was realized from the sale of the various articles and will be placed in the alms-basin at the cathedral on Christmas Day, as the Christmas offering of the Southern Florida branch of the Junior Auxiliary to the Church Home and Hospital.

E. H. R.

MICHIGAN.

Rt. Rev. C. D. Williams, D. D., Bishop.

First Service in a Reorganized Church—Appeal for Rebuilding a Church.

An event of much interest to Detroit Churchmen took place on the afternoon of the Fourth Sunday in Advent. It was the first service of the reorganized St. Joseph's Memorial church. After the amalgamation of this parish with St. Paul's church, members who still retained their attachment to the old organization determined to erect a new church further out on Woodward avenue, and in the midst of a rapidly growing part of the city. Aided by members of other parishes who have sought homes in this locality, arrangements have been made for holding an afternoon service every Sunday in the chapel of the North Woodward Avenue M. E. church. On Sunday the Bishop, with several of the clergy, held the first service. About two hundred and fifty people were present. The location is regarded as having the promise for the largest and most successful parish in the city.

The Rev. H. F. Darnell, D. D., rector of the new re-organized St. Mary, formerly a mission of St. John's church, has suffered a stroke of apoplexy. Dr. Darnell's case, though serious, is not considered dangerous by his physician.

The Rev. John Mockridge, rector of St. Andrew's Harris Memorial church, which was burned several months ago, has been sending out appeals for one dollar Christmas gifts for rebuilding the church. One lady to whom an appeal was sent changed the \$1 to \$500. Already subscriptions amount to over \$4,000, mostly in small sums.

NEW YORK.

Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. D. H. Geer, D. D., Coadjutor.

New York Letter.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Cathedral League had its annual meeting at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on St. John's Day in the morning. Holy Communion was celebrated in the crypt by Bishop Potter, and the members of the Auxiliary then went into the synod hall for the business session. Reports were presented covering the work of the year, and it was shown that the women have raised \$54,500 of the \$100,000 needed to complete the choir and crossing of the cathedral. The Italian mission of the Auxiliary and the need of a new building for the choir school were also referred to. A number of gifts to the cathedral through the Auxiliary were reported and formal votes of thanks were tendered the donors. Among these were Mrs. Henry C. Potter, who gave a silver communion service of five pieces, an exact reproduction of the service given to the parish church at Garsden, England, by the wife of Sir Lawrence Washington; Miss Adele Kneeland, who presented a jeweled chalice; and Mrs. James H. Aldrich, the donor of an altar cross. The meeting was well attended, much interest being manifested.

Holy Trinity church, Harlem, the Rev. Dr. H. P. Nichols, rector, has for

some time been centering its effort on the reduction of its mortgage debt. This was originally \$150,000, but a year ago it had been cut down to \$92,500. Within a few weeks \$22,500 has been paid, so that the amount of the debt is now \$70,000. The effort is to continue in all possible directions still further to reduce the debt. A fair held recently netted \$5,000 for the purpose.

For the Christmas celebration at St. Bartholomew's parish house the children went up from Grace chapel and provided an entertainment they had prepared, and there were also present the Italian children from the school in St. Clement's church. The children of St. Bartholomew's parish house brought gifts which were sent to the children in the hospitals. All seemed to enjoy the occasion the more because they were giving to others.

On Cathedral Heights there has recently been opened a fine new building for the Woman's Hospital. It is directly opposite the grounds of the cathedral, and it is understood that the cathedral staff will co-operate with the hospital trustees in providing religious services in the hospital on Sunday afternoons. The first such service was held the Sunday after Christmas, when Archdeacon Nelson officiated.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Rt. Rev. J. B. Cheshire, D. D., Bishop.

News Notes.

The Rev. Harris Mallinckrodt, rector of St. Peter's church, Charlotte, N. C., has declined a call to St. John's church, Knoxville, Tenn.

The Rev. E. L. Ogilby, rector of Trinity church, Statesville, N. C., will take charge, also, of Leaksville and probably points adjacent.

Mr. C. P. Willcox, an active worker at the Chapel of Hope, Gingham Mills, will assist the Rev. Alfred R. Berkeley in his important mission work at Mayodan.

It is proposed to move St. Mary's chapel to Speed, a point on the railroad.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Rt. Rev. O. W. Whitaker, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. A. Mackay-Smith, D. D., Coadjutor.

Teachers' Training Lectures—Services at Car Barns, Prisons and Hospitals—Death of Mrs. Harriet Moore—The Late A. J. Cassatt a Churchman.

There has been arranged by the executive committee of the Sunday-school Association of the Diocese of Pennsylvania a course of Teacher Training Lectures for the Sunday-school teachers of the Diocese. There will be three lecturers—the Rev. L. M. Robinson, S. T. D., the Rev. Herman L. Duhring, D. D., and the Rev. Llewellyn N. Caley, B. D. Dr. Robinson's lectures will be on the Prayer Book; 1, The Ancient; 2, the English Prayer Book; 3, the American Prayer Book. Dr. Duhring's will be on Teaching the Lesson: 1, The Preparation of the Lesson; 2, Teaching of the Lesson. Mr. Caley's on the Life of Christ: 1, His Incarnation; 2, His Private Life; 3, His Public Ministry; 4, His Miracles and Teaching; 5, His Death, Resurrection and Ascension. Mr. Caley will deliver his lectures in the Church of the Holy Apostles on Monday evenings, January, 7, 14, 28 and February 4, 11, and in St. Andrew's church, West Philadelphia, on Fridays, January 11, 18, 25, and February 1, 8. Dr. Duhring and Dr. Robinson will deliver theirs in the Church of St. Simeon on Tuesdays, January 8, 15, 22, 29, and

February 5, and in St. Peter's church, Germantown, on Fridays, January 11, 18, 25, and February 1, 8.

The committee of the Philadelphia Local Assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is arranging the schedule of preachers for the noonday services in St. Paul's and St. Stephen's churches, for Business People, during the coming Lent, the cards for which will be issued shortly. Bishop Coleman will preach at St. Paul's on Ash Wednesday and Bishop Mackay-Smith in St. Stephen's the same day.

For the first time special Christmas services were held in two of the car barns in West Philadelphia, on the Fourth Sunday in Advent, and such services, so far as is known, have not been held in any other city. At what is known as the Upper Barn the superintendent of the City Mission, the Rev. Herman L. Duhring, was the preacher; and at the lower one the assistant superintendent, the Rev. H. Cresson McHenry—both being part of the City Mission's Christmas work. A handsome Christmas card and a box of candy was given to each of those present. It gave Christmas cards to each of the prisoners in the Eastern State Penitentiary, and to many in hospitals and homes. From its rooms in old St. Paul's church much substantial cheer was given to the poor and sick. On Wednesday afternoon the church, which had been trimmed for the season, was a scene of much joy to more than 250 children, parents and others, as well as to a few liberal ladies who had made large expenditures for their pleasure. Each one present was given cakes, oranges, bananas, candy and a toy, a game or a doll. A brief service and an address by the Rev. Herman L. Duhring, D. D., preceded the distribution. Services were held in homes and Wayfarers Lodges. At the Home for Consumptives, the chaplain, the Rev. T. William Davidson, celebrated the Holy Communion in what is used as the chapel, and gave it to those patients in the cottages who could not go to the chapel. He also held service in the cottages for the very sick. A bountiful Christmas dinner was served them and an entertainment on the night of Holy Innocents; when presents were given. There is a great need for a chapel for this home, with its between forty and fifty patients.

Mrs. Harriet Louisa South Moore, the last surviving daughter of the late George W. South, at one time county treasurer of Philadelphia before the consolidation of the city and districts, and prominent as a financier, died at her home in Philadelphia on Friday, December 28th, of old age. Mrs. Moore with Mrs. South spent about \$1,000,000 in erecting the George W. South Memorial church, chapel and parish house, in memory of her father. It is one of the most beautiful churches and most complete set of parish houses in the land. She was very active in the charitable work of the parish. She was twice married but leaves no children.

Beside his many activities the late A. J. Cassatt was a Churchman, being a communicant of the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, near his summer home, and when in the city he worshipped in St. James' church. His wife was a daughter of the late Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, D. D., ordained by Bishop White, and a brother of President Buchanan. About ten years ago they placed a handsome altar in Christ church in Dr. Buchanan's memory, he having been ordained there. Mr. Cassatt aided his wife in her charitable work, and encouraged the railroad em-

ployes to identify themselves with the Young Men's Christian Association. Years of experience, he said, had taught him that a man who allied himself with the great Young Men's Christian movement made a sober and reliable employee.

Bishop Whitaker advanced the Rev. Franklin J. Clark to the priesthood in the Church of the Holy Trinity, of which he is the assistant minister, on Saturday morning, December 22d. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, rector.

On Christmas morning Bishop Whitaker held another ordination, in the Sherwood Mission, when he advanced the minister in charge, the Rev. William Newman Parker, to the priesthood, and preached the sermon.

The following clergymen were the preachers at St. Bartholomew's Mission during Advent: The Rev. George J. Walenta, the Rev. John E. Ewell, the Rev. Edgar Cope and the Rev. Horace F. Fuller.

Personal and News Notes.

Indian women in South Dakota, it is announced, gave \$5,163 to missions last year.

The vestry of St. Mary's church, Birmingham, Ala., the Rev. J. W. Cantey Johnson, rector, have determined to build a new rectory.

The Rev. C. T. Stout has resigned from Grace church, Traverse City, Mich., accepting charge of the church at Key West, in the Diocese of Southern Florida.

The Rev. Royal K. Tucker, of Plaquemine, La., has accepted the rectorship of Trinity church, Kirksville, Mo., and will enter upon his new duty early in January.

The Rev. J. A. Schaad, Archdeacon of the Diocese of Kansas City, has accepted the rectorship of Grace church, Kansas City, Mo., and entered upon his work Christmas morning.

The rector of St. Mark's, Beaumont, Tex., the Rev. Dr. J. W. Bicker, rector, has been thoroughly repaired by the vestry and members of the congregation.

The Rev. W. H. Hardin has relinquished his work at Valle Crucis Mission, Diocese of Asheville, and removed to Gastonia, where a resident pastor is greatly needed.

The Rev. Walter C. Whitaker, rector of Trinity church, Asheville, North Carolina, has accepted a second invitation to the rectorship of St. John's, Knoxville, Tenn., and will remove to his new field of labor February 1st.

A new memorial window for Trinity church, Newark, given by Miss Ida Jeliff in memory of her father and mother, John and Mary Jeliff, was unveiled recently. The occasion marked also the turning over to the church wardens of a trust fund of \$3,000 by Mrs. Bevier H'B. Sleight, a sister of Mrs. Jeliff, to be used for the good of the church. The window has been placed on the north side of the church opposite the pew which Mrs. Jeliff formerly occupied.

The deaf-mute members of St. Philip's mission, Durham, N. C., presented the rector of St. Philip's church, Rev. S. S. Bost, with a pair of handsome gold cuff buttons on Christmas Day. This present was given as a slight token of esteem and love the deaf-mutes entertain for the rector, who has during the past year so much for them. Not only has the rector of St. Philip's

thrown open the doors of the church to them for their religious services and meetings, but he has even aided them in the formation of their Bible class and encouraged them in maintaining their literary and social gatherings.

On the morning of All Saints' Day two memorial windows were unveiled in St. Paul's church, Albany, N. Y. Both have been placed on the west side of the church. The first shows Christ preaching by the seaside, and is given in memory of Matthew Henry Robertson by his wife. Mr. Robertson was connected with St. Paul's for forty-five years, and for fifteen was a member of the vestry. The second window, which shows St. Paul preaching on Mars Hill, is given in memory of the Rev. George Hewson Wilson, by his mother and father. Mr. Wilson, who died in 1900, was baptized and confirmed in St. Paul's and from it entered the ministry of the Church.

The Rev. Dr. Fenn has just organized in West Wichita, Kansas, a new mission, and a neat little church has been bought from the Adventists, and thoroughly overhauled, through gifts which have come in response to the appeals of the rector. The Bishop of the Diocese preached in All Saints' church, for the first time, on the Fourth Sunday in Advent. On that day he visited St. John's church, and confirmed a class of forty-one, making a total of 118 confirmed during the past nineteen months. Dr. Fenn has secured a student for holy orders to help him in his work, and immediately upon his arrival, another mission will be started in another important part of Wichita.

The Cross.

Humanity has a perverse way of turning life's sacred things into toys. A day of fasting or of mourning after a few repeated observances becomes a holiday. The very word "holiday" illustrates the trait. In the beginning it was "holy day." Its meaning now is quite distinct from that.

So the cross has become, as it were, a plaything. Men carve it in gold and silver and set it a-glister with precious stones. And women hang it about thoughtless necks, or wear it as the symbol of some idle and worldly association. But till Jesus set it in the burning focus of the world's history, the cross was a degraded and a degrading thing. Roman law would not allow the foulest criminal to be crucified if he had but acquired Roman citizenship. Only slaves and foreigners suffered that stigma.

To the Christian it should be at least a sacred symbol. Our Lord prayed to be delivered from it, and his prayer was heard, so the writer of Hebrews affirms, yet his request was not granted. (Would that as Christians we might understand that many a prayer is heard and answered whose petitions are not granted!) So he sanctified even the cross—that bitterest and lowest symbol of man's inhumanity to man.

The thing had hung over the Son of Man for months. He had asked men, when they offered to become his followers, if they were ready to take up the cross, and they had only stared and wondered. "What," said they, "can he mean?" He did not explain. They could not have understood. Nobody but himself thought of his having to die thus and so soon. He came just as near as was possible to explaining the whole transaction in detail to his disciples, yet they neither understood nor believed a single word. When, indeed, he hung upon the cross, they moved

about stupidly at its foot, like men oppressed by an evil dream. The thing could not be so! Yet for months he had talked to them about "the cross."

It meant nothing to them. Alas, that to this day there are many to whom it still means nothing! Nothing but a gilded sign on a church tower, a shining jewel on a fair bosom! Men have come to think and to speak of many crosses—St. Andrew's, the Maltese, the Greek, the Roman. If they symbolize it and think of their trials as Christians, it is still made plural. But there is for each of us, as for the Son of God, but one cross. And that cross has but one meaning—death. Upon it we are crucified to the world, and the world to us. It means pain still, and often shame. But only by it may we know the fellowship of his sufferings and be made conformable unto his death.

To dwell upon the gross and shocking details of our Lord's last trial can scarcely be pleasing to him. Yet every Christian should take pains to read enough of what crucifixion really was to clothe the thought of Christ's cross with a sobering and chastening atmosphere. It was a ghastly affair, shocking in the last degree to the delicate sensibilities of our time. Yet these sensibilities are but the fruitage of the tenderness and the consideration which men have learned of Christ. He was the typical gentleman, the first man of real culture—if such a term is not sacrilegious when applied to him. So we must conclude that the barbarity, the exposure, the obscurity, the grossness of the death upon the cross affected the delicate perceptions and the trained sensibilities of our Saviour quite as much—doubtless, indeed, far more—as they would affect the most reserved and fastidious gentleman of the twentieth century.

Calvary may not be a hill, but it has at least become a mountain. There history divides. When Jesus hung there, Satan fell as lightning from heaven. His scepter departed. Since that momentous instant humanity is upon the upward gradient. The cross put a leverage under the race that had been hitherto lacking. But to do it the Son of God had to die. And to take advantage of it men and women have to die with him. The cross means life and joy to the world. But it meant death to Christ—a cruel death. Let us also go with him that we may die with him.

"This truth that all lives are veiled in this world should teach us to be very patient with each other. None of us know any other perfectly. We see only through a glass darkly. In that blessed life we shall no more wear veils hiding us from each other. There shall be no mystery there—knowledge shall be full. There shall be no hiding of goodness or excellence behind blemishes and faults as so often in this world. No one shall be misunderstood there; no motive shall be misconstrued. There shall be no misjudging, no wrong interpretation of acts. There shall be no veils between friends, leading to alienation and separation. There every life is revealed and all is beautiful. Friendships have nothing to hinder their perfect fellowship. Hearts kept apart here through misunderstandings or incompatibilities shall find the best in each other and knit together in love forever."

"Missions are the response of Christian obedience to an explicit command: Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. This was the word of the risen Lord. It has never been revoked."—Chivers.

For the Southern Churchman.
Released.

To-day we go in solemn train
To lay a body to its resting;
Long lines of mourners sobbing, come,
Strange hush of sorrow hovers 'round:
How still he lies, how free from pain,
How far removed from life's molesting,
How ready for his quiet home
There in the flower laden ground!

We give the tribute of our tears,
A tender last allegiance keeping,
But would we stir a rest too sweet
For cloud of earth to overcast?
Nay, he is safe for all the years;
His heart is stilled to quiet sleeping
Within a quiet breast, his feet
Have touched the heights of Peace at
last.

NANNIE BYRD TURNER.

In Memoriam, December 24, 1906.

The Bible.

"But," says one, "I do not understand the Bible. I read it, but I cannot make anything of it. Somehow it is obscure, and my mind does not take hold of it." How do you read your Bible? "Oh, I read a chapter now and then. I read it here and there."

Suppose your boy comes home from school and says, "I can't make anything of this arithmetic, it is all dark to me." You say to him, "How did you study it?" "Oh, I read a little at the beginning, and then I turned to the middle and read a little here and there, and skipped backward and forward. But I don't understand it, I can't see into it."

You say to him, "My son, that is not the way to understand arithmetic. You must begin at the beginning with the simplest elements, master every principle, learn every rule, solve every problem, and perform every example, and then the whole book will open to you as you go on."

When you read a novel do you begin in the middle and read a page here and a line there, and skip about hither and thither, and say, "I can't make anything of this book?" No; you begin at the beginning, where "A solitary horseman was seen one dark, tempestuous night, riding along upon the margin of a swollen stream which wound about the base of a lofty mountain, on which stood an ancient castle," etc. There is where you begin; and then you read every line and every page of the book until you get to the very last line and the very last word of it. Why will you not take the Bible and read it from beginning to end, and see how it comes out? You will find it the grandest and most thrilling story the world has ever known.

Sometimes, when you have not time to read a novel through, you read the first chapter or two, to find out who the hero is, and then skim through the pages and read the closing chapters and find out who was murdered, and who was hung, and who was married, and then you can guess the rest, for there is usually about so much sawdust put in the middle for stuffing. Why will you not do as much as this for the Bible? Begin at the beginning, and read until you find out who is the hero of the story. You will find that the presence of the one Person pervades the whole book. If you go into a British navy-yard, or on board a British vessel, and pick up a piece of rope, you will find that there is one little red thread which runs through the whole of it—through every foot of cordage which belongs to the British government—so, if a piece of rope is stolen, it may be cut into inch pieces, but every piece has

the mark which tells where it belongs. It is so with the Bible. You may separate it into a thousand parts, and yet you will find one thought—one great fact running through the whole of it. You will find it constantly pointing and referring to one great Personage—"the Seed of the Woman" that shall crush the serpent's head; "the Seed of Abraham," in whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed; "the Seed of David," who shall sit on David's throne and reign for evermore; the despised and rejected Sufferer, the Man of Sorrows, the Christ of God, born in Bethlehem, crucified on Calvary, rising triumphant from Joseph's tomb, ascending to sit at God's right hand, and coming again to judge the world and reign as King and Lord of all forever.—Maryland Churchman.

The Home and Its Alleged Decay.

A human being is very fragmentary. He is not such a great, big whole. He is a member of a body. He is a spoke in a wheel, or a rivet in a machine; he is in the world to do his little duty, whatever it turns out to be, as well as he can, and to bear with fortitude the imperfection of his performance, the seeming slightness and mutability of his part in the great human play. If he can love and serve twenty thousand people, as great prophets have done, let him do it to the utmost of his power; but if his obligation seem to be to care for one woman and work for one child, it is just as important that these duties should be fulfilled minutely, tenderly, reverently. It is not quantity but quality that tells. And as beautiful deeds and beautiful relations and joy and peace radiate in all directions from a consecrated and noble character so beauty and nobility and joy and peace radiate from a consecrated home. When one hears of men making money by cheating the people and selling bad goods, one is very apt to ask: "Who were their mothers? What was their home life?" If Mrs. Gilman will study into this matter, it might be found that the subversive fortunes of this country, made by wrecking railroads and injuring owners, did not belong to men who came out from protected and consecrated homes. The perfection of close relations usually tends toward the perfection of larger relations. A tender and patient mother of two or three children is usually a kind employer and charitable to orphans. The flinging off of small duties and small obligations does not tend toward perfection in the performance of great ones, and loving the world does not begin by repudiating the family.

It is true that all men must learn that humanity is one, that we are our brother's keeper, and that happiness and perfection mean the happiness and perfection of all, not of a person or a family or a class. It is true that the final manhood must be "equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless," but not because he repudiates the duties and affections near at hand, but because there is no limitation set to his sympathy and brotherhood, and because he recognizes as much sacredness in a cup of cold water given to a little one as in bread given to millions.—Harper's Weekly.

Self-judgment is one of the most difficult things in the world. Unless one in some way get outside of himself, he lacks moral perspective. He is like a man who tries to judge of the architecture of his house by sticking his head out of the window.—Zion's Herald.

THE OLD YEAR.

If all the old year's days could speak,
I wonder what they'd say—
The snowy days, the blowy days,
The flowery days of May;
The summer days, when shady ways
Were made for children's feet;
Vacation days, when for their plays
The country was so sweet!

If all the old year's days could speak—
Just think of it awhile—
Would their report bring bitter tears,
Or the sunshine of a smile?
Ah! could they speak from week to week
Of honest work well done,
Of well-used powers in study-hours,
Of fairness in the fun?

Of thankful thought for kindness wrought
Where homes are rich and glad;
Of tender care to give or share
Where homes are poor and sad;
Of pleasant ways in dark, dull days;
Of little, gentle deeds;
Of earnest hours among heart's flowers,
In plucking buntful weeds?

Can the year speak of patience meek
Where grief has stopped awhile,
Of courage bold, for the weak and old
A loving word or smile?
Methinks the year must seem most dear
If thus its speech can be;
Everful with joys for girls and boys—
A year of jubilee.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

The Power of Prayer.

Are you a public worker? Do you want power in your public work? I shall never forget a scene in the Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Every seat was taken; the platform back of me was packed with leading ministers of Boston and New England. In front of me were leading men and women in the social, business and political life. I took up the programme to announce the next speaker, as I was chairman of the convention, and I saw the name of a woman. In those days I was prejudiced against women speaking in public. Furthermore, this woman, I knew, had had almost no experience in public address; she had only been a real Christian a very short time, though she had been a nominal, worldly Christian for years. But I had to announce the programme, so I announced the name of this woman as the next speaker, sat down, buried by face in my hands, and commenced to pray that God would save the meeting from disaster.

Pretty soon I began to watch as well as pray. That whole audience sat spell-bound, every eye riveted on that little woman. Then I saw strong men taking out their handkerchiefs and trying to pretend they were not crying. Then they threw off all pretense, and the tears rained down their cheeks; and before that woman had finished, that whole audience was swept by the power of her words as the trees of our Western forests are swept by a cyclone.

When that marvelous address was over, some of us went to this lady and said, "God has wonderfully used you this morning." She said, "Would you like to know the secret of it? Last night as I thought of the great audience I should face in the morning and of my utter inexperience in public address, I spent the whole night on my face before God in prayer." Brethren, when you and I shall spend more nights on our faces before God in prayer, there will be more days of power when we face our audiences.

Do you want power? Ask for it. The great need of to-day is prayer, prayer, prayer! What we need in the Church is prayer.—Dr. R. A. Torrey.

DIED.

MASON.—Died on December 22d, 1906, at the residence of Neville H. Whiting, Fauquier county, Va., ETHELBERT FAIRFAX MASON, son of the late Edgar Ellbeck Mason and Eugenia Cary Fairfax.

Mr. Mason had the peace of a steadfast faith and the law of his life was the New Commandment.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."

M. W. H.

HARRISON.—At her home in Leesburg, Va., December 14th, 1906, ELIZABETH CONRAD HARRISON, daughter of the late Burr W. Harrison.

"Asleep in Jesus."

NICHOLSON.—At Providence Hospital, Washington, on the 13th of December, 1906, ELEANOR TAYLORE WORMLEY NICOLSON, of Fauquier, youngest daughter of the late Dr. G. L. Nicolson and Bettie B. Nicolson, of Deerchase, Middlesex county, Virginia.

MALLORY.—At her home Wildwood, N. C., December 28, 1906, SOPHIA BACHE, widow of James S. Mallory, and daughter of Charles and Constantia Bache Aert.

MORMICK.—At the home of his brother-in-law, Major C. Ellet Cabel, in Alexandria, Va., on Christmas Day, LAWRENCE TAYLOR McCORMICK, aged 32 years, son of the late Dr. Cyrus and Nanie Taylor McCormick, of Berryville, Clarke county, Virginia.

CLARK.—At her home in Liberty, Missouri, on the morning of December 26, 1906, KATE MASON, wife of Prof. James G. Clark, of William Jewell College, and daughter of the late Henry M. and Catharine Morfit, of Baltimore. Interment December 29th, at Congressional Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

WATKINS.—In the early morning of St. Thomas' Day, at home, in Alexandria, Va., MARY ELLEN BROWN, wife of the late Thomas J. Watkins, of Fairfax county, Va., in the 82d year of her age. Funeral on the 22d December, 1906, Rev. Mr. Carpenter officiating.

"And at even time there shall be light."

APPEALS.

An Appeal for a Colored Church.

The interesting and successful work among the colored people, which St. John's Church, Hampton, Va., is doing, has reached the stage where a church building is necessary for further growth. The people of this parish, white and colored, with great labor and self-sacrifice have secured and paid for a suitable lot of ground; plans have been drawn for a great frame building; and seventeen hundred and fifty dollars have been given by a friend of the movement towards its erection. Six hundred dollars more will be necessary in order to complete it without furniture. Attached to the first amount is a condition that the church, when erected, shall be free from lien or mortgage of any kind.

I am pledged to raise this amount. I therefore appeal to the generosity of the Church at large. The work derives its immense importance from the circumstance that the "Hampton Institute"—the famous "Colored Normal and Industrial School"—begun by Gen. Armstrong, in which there are nine hundred students, several employees of which are now communicants of the Church, is within the immediate vicinity of the proposed building.

Bishop Randolph has said that this in his opinion, is one of the most promising fields for Church work within his jurisdiction. Any contributions may be sent to Mr. Wm. H. Boynton, of the firm of Boynton Bros., Bankers, of this town, or to the undersigned.

Rev. REVERDY ESTILL, Rector, St. John's Church, Hampton, Virginia.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Education Society of Virginia.

Please acknowledge the following contributions to the Education Society in Virginia during December:

Miss Ross Read Lockwood	\$ 2 50
Mrs. S. P. Upshur	5 00
All Saints, Portsmouth	3 65
Christ, Gordonsville	1 81
St. Paul's, Alexandria	10 27
Christ, Frederica, Ga.	5 00
Trinity, Washington, D. C.	5 00
Christ, Alexandria	50 00

P. P. PHILLIPS, Treasurer.
Alexandria, Va., Dec. 31, 1906.

NOTICES.

Simple notices of Deaths and Marriages inserted free. Obituaries, Complimentary Resolutions, Appeals, etc., ten cents per line. Want advertisements eight cents per line. All notices and Advertisements must be accompanied by a responsible name.

The Board of Missions

in the Church's Executive Body for carrying on its Missionary Work.

The Church is aided in 39 Home Dioceses, in 18 Domestic Missionary Districts, and in 8 Foreign Missionary Districts.

\$850.00 are needed to meet the appropriations this year.

Full particulars about the Church's Mission can be had from

A. S. LLOYD, General Secretary.

GEORGE C. THOMAS, Treasurer.

LEGAL TITLE FOR USE IN MAKING WILLS:

"The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America."

The Spirit of Missions, \$1 a year.

THE CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

A large number of rectors, parishes, and individuals throughout the Church elect to make their offerings and contributions to THE GENERAL CLERGY RELIEF FUND at Christmas time. To such this is a reminder.

FIRST CONSIDERATION: The average salary of a clergyman is about \$600 per year. There are hundreds of excellent men doing heroic work on less, i. e. \$300 or \$400 per year. What are these to do when sick or supernumerary? The Church must provide pension and relief.

SECOND CONSIDERATION: Among the clergy of fifty and upward, there are many distressing cases of poverty and humiliation through non-employment, sickness, etc. These ought to be pensioned.

THIRD CONSIDERATION: An active ministry, many of whom are struggling to make ends meet, and a cast out and starving ministry in old age, is not a righteous basis upon which to build aggressive, hopeful Christian work. In order to have growth and prosperity in the Church this condition must be remedied.

FOURTH CONSIDERATION: If the Church cannot pay living salaries to all the active clergy in the present, she can and ought, through her National Pension and Relief Society, to care for the small number old or disabled and their widows and orphans. Help to do this better.

FIFTH CONSIDERATION: There are ex-

cellent men and women in every diocese shut out from the help of local and other funds by requirements as to years in a diocese, seats in a Convention, contributions to a society, payments of dues and the like. To help all in whom you are interested you must contribute

to the General Fund; besides sixty out of eighty dioceses now depend entirely upon the General Fund for relief and pension.

MORAL: There is blessed opportunity for doing a beautiful and needed Christian work in the household of faith. Definite and generous offerings provide definite and generous pensions. Send for "The Field Agent" and other circulars. Make no mistake in the name of the society.

THE GENERAL CLERGY RELIEF FUND, The Church House, 12th and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia, Penn.

Rev. ALFRED J. P. McCLEURE, Assistant Treasurer.

The Danville General Hospital.

offers a three years' course of Instruction and Training to Young Women desirous of entering the profession of nursing. For information address, Superintendent, Danville General Hospital, Danville, Va.

WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY OF REFINEMENT desires a position as governess or companion. Good references given. Address R. A. B., 1335 12th street, N. W., Washington, D. C., Jan. 5-2 xx.

"Let us take the Life Book new
With its leaves unspotted,
And with nobler purpose write,
Leaving it unblotted!
Let us trust and not despair;
Hope comes with the morning.
'Peace on earth, good will to all'
With the New Year's dawning."

THE CHURCH STANDARD

EDITOR: THE REV. JOHN FULTON, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L.

THE LEADING WEEKLY OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH
OLDEST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL

What is said of the Church Standard by Bishops and clergymen:

"A paper which no clergyman and no thoughtful layman or laywoman can afford to do without."

"Conservative Churchmanship."

"A potent influence for good."

"Learned, logical, acute and candid."

"Manly, straightforward, and conscientiously independent."

"Giving to all an impartial hearing."

"It represents fairly the great body of the Church."

"It addresses itself to the intelligent and thinking members of the Church."

The following reprints of editorials may be had free on application:

"THE CHURCH AND THE NEGRO."

"THE LORD'S DAY."

"ATTITUDE OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH TOWARDS NON-EPISCOPAL CHURCHES."

Terms of Subs ripion, \$2.50; to the Clergy, \$2.00
Sample copies sent free on application.

The Church Standard Company,
FRANKLIN BUILDING,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

An Episcopal Church Needed.

We are very much in need of an Episcopal Church in Basic City, Virginia. We own the lots, but lack funds for building. Please send us twenty-five cents for this purpose. If so, you will receive your reward and the thanks of our little flock. Remit to

W. H. PAGE, Secretary and Treasurer,
Basic City, Virginia.

We heartily endorse the above as most worthy.

H. E. LEE, Rector Christ Church, Charlottesville, Virginia.

F. W. NEVE, Rector St. Paul's Church, Ivy Depot, Virginia.

A Noble Life.

The passing of Dr. George Matheson, of Edinburgh, whose writings have cheered and instructed so many readers, calls attention to a notable instance of faith and courage under the handicap of physical disability. The Christian of London thus comments on his noble life:

"In the story of Christian heroism there are few instances more beautiful of the triumph of the Christian spirit over difficulties than the life of the late Dr. George Matheson, the Scotch preacher and divine. When going through a brilliant student course at Glasgow University he was deprived permanently of his sight, and at first it seemed as though his life of usefulness was ended almost ere it was begun. His indomitable spirit, sweetened by a sincere piety and trust in God, enabled him to survive the shock; and he became not only a finished scholar and preacher, but a prolific writer on religious subjects. When closing his ministry a few years ago, he was able to describe himself to his people as 'barraged by every gate of fortune, yet refusing to give in; overtaken by the night, yet confident of the morning.' He said also: 'My sermons may have flown over your heads like the bird of paradise, but my life has been level to yours—an obstructed life, a circumscribed life, but a life of boundless sanguineness, a life of quenchless hopefulness, a life which has beaten persistently against the cage of circumstance, and which even at the time of abandoned work has said not "Good night," but "Good morning."

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

Certainties of the New Year.

The New Year has a smiling face,
That tells no tales of what may be;
In silent power he taxes his place,
And wraps him in uncertainty.
And yet some things I count upon,
Which he must give ere he be gone.

I count upon a father's care;
Men shall not lose him in the dark;
Nothing can hurt them unaware
Whom God takes up into his ark,
And, let the year bring shine or shade,
God's children need not be afraid.

I count upon some tears to shed,
Some sleepless nights, some weary days,
Some heaviness of heart and head,
Some thorny paths, some stony ways;
These, more or less, for every one,
But joy and rest when all is done.

The love of God I count upon
As on the mountains in their strength;
It has not failed in the years gone,
It will last on through all life's length;
I cannot count on my own love,
But his is sure as heaven above.

Has the New Year a secret face?
There are some things he cannot hide;
Welcome him all, and give him place;
Long as he can he may abide!
He has surprises for us! Well,
We trust him—he the rest shall tell!

—Marianne Farningham.

Reparation.

By Mabel Quiller-Couch.

Sally Menear came slowly out of her cottage and down the garden. At the gate she paused, then with sudden determination walked quickly up the road. Her sharp little face was set and firm, but her hands worked nervously.

Her cottage stood back from the street, in a long garden, the chief feature of which was a huge chestnut tree, from behind which the cottage peeped with a furtive air. Further up the village stood a row of new cottages, and next them a little old thatched one, placed sideways, so that its end abutted on the pavement, and its windows commanded completely the garden and fronts of its new neighbors—to their annoyance.

To the door of this cottage Sally Menear stalked now, and knocked sharply; then, without waiting for a reply, raised the latch and walked in. The door opened right into the kitchen. Sally glanced round keenly, and seemed relieved to find it empty. The grate was empty too; the only living things in the place were a cat curled up on the hearth, and a few neglected geraniums on the window-ledge.

But another, more active sign of life, came floating down the steep stairs which ran up from the kitchen to the one bedroom. "Who's that? Who's that come in?" called a thin voice sharply.

Sally Menear did not answer, though the voice called again peremptorily. She walked upstairs and into the room without speaking. "It's me," she said, defiantly, when she reached the bedside. "I didn't tell 'ee who 'twas, for fear you'd get out of bed and hide under it."

"Oh, Sally! Sally Menear, is it you?" The poor old woman on the bed sank back on her pillow, trembling, her wrinkled face looked positively yellow against the white frills of her nightcap, her weak mouth quivered, her eyes wore a terrified expression. "Oh, Sally!" she gasped again, and seemed unable to find more words.

"I'm quite a stranger, ain't I?" said

Sally in her abrupt way. "I heard you was to be taken to the workhouse, and this old place pulled down, and—I've come to ask you to live with me. I thought you wouldn't mind it so much as the workhouse."

The old woman in the bed began to weep weakly. "Oh, Sally, don't talk like that. My dear, 'tis kind of you to think of it, but—but it don't matter what becomes of an old thing like me—"

"Yes, it does," said Sally, shortly, "and you needn't go—unless you prefers to," meaningly.

"As if—oh, my dear—you've took my breath away. Give me time to think. Is there many folk about this afternoon?"

"No one. I waited till the street was empty. You needn't be afraid anyone saw me come in."

"How sharp you are!" whimpered the older woman, weakly. "You mustn't think I'm ashamed for folks to see you coming here." Her voice faltered though, for she knew she was. "I'm sure nobody could be better-hearted. Will you," with sudden inspiration, "take my poor Kitty for me? I could leave happier if I knew she had a home."

"No," said Sally, sharply, "I won't. I won't take her unless you come too."

"She's so fond of you."

"Animals are," said Sally tersely; "they're just, at any rate, they don't condemn folk unheard."

"Sally, don't talk like that. I'd never believe you'd take so much as a pin that didn't belong to you."

"Yet you act as if you did. If you wanted others to believe the same, you'd have stood by me, and not been ashamed to be seen speaking to me in the street, or to have me come near your house. You've never been in mine since I came back from—from—I wouldn't have darkened your doors now, but for what I heard; but—I couldn't keep away then. I couldn't bear to think of you in that place—we were friends once."

Honor Sobey wept again.

"Honor, can't you put those feelings about me aside, and not mind the neighbors, but come and share my home; you know I'm as innocent as you are?"

"You shouldn't have acted as if you weren't," Honor whimpered reproachfully, and shut herself up, and let folks say what they liked, and denied nothing; and never to have been inside a place of worship from that day to this."

"If folks are set on talking, 'tisn't any use to try and stop them, and they was all so ready to believe badly of me. I wouldn't stoop to deny the stories of such as they; and as for going to church and sit amongst them, knowing what was in their hearts—"

"Twas your staying away that did it. You said you couldn't go, and they thought there was only one reason why."

There was silence for a minute, then Sally spoke in a low tense voice, as though speech were forced from her. "I wasn't going to—to risk being turned back at the door, so I stayed away; I—I wouldn't give them a chance to see me humbled."

Old Honor Sobey turned quickly and looked at Sally. "You didn't think they'd do that! Why, they couldn't!"

"I was afraid," said Sally reluctantly, all the sharpness gone out of her face, her neat little figure bent and drooping. "I pictured it all, and if I'd got in nobody would have sat in the

same pew with me, and—well, I couldn't face it alone. If I'd had one friend to go with me, just for those first Sundays, I'd faced it."

A flush showed even through the yellow of Honor's cheeks. "Sally," she said at last, "if I come to live with you, will you go to church with me the first day I can walk so far, will you?"

Sally's face lighted up with a look it had not worn for years; all the droop went from her figure, the hardness from her eyes. It seemed as though heaven were opening before her; she saw her years as an outcast ended, the years she had fought so doggedly and bravely, yet with such bitterness in her heart.

Honor Sobey mistook her silence. "Sally, don't 'ee make it harder for us both. See what you want to do for me. Let me do something for you, after all the wrong I've done you. I did believe you innocent, but I hadn't the strength to go against the others, but I'm going to now."

A few weeks later the two women, very self-conscious and nervous, walked quietly out from the cottage behind the tree, and down the village. The street was almost empty, but the church was full. Honor had waited until all should be assembled, that her reparation might be complete.

Nothing New Under The Sun.

The old saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," is as true in these days of invention and progress as it ever was.

The theory of the automobile was known to Solomon de Coste of Normandy in 1641. He wrote a book on the propulsion of carriages by steam power and was cast into a Paris madhouse for it by Cardinal Richelieu.

The theory of telegraphing by wire was practically illustrated in 1775 by Arthur Young, long before Professor Morse was born.

Although to Robert Fulton, the American inventor, is given the credit of navigation by steam power, Balasco de Guerere, a Spanish sea captain, propelled a ship by a steam engine before the King of Spain in 1543. The age was not capable of appreciating his feat, and he died in exile.

Air-ships, a few of which have been comparatively successful, are called a new invention; but in 1679 a pamphlet was written by Francesco Lana, expounding the theory of ships which would navigate the air as well as the sea.

No doubt the invention of wireless telegraphy was foreshadowed by a book of philosophy which appeared in 1647. This work mentions communication between two persons at different points by means of a loadstone and a needle placed upon a metal dial.

Dr. Morton of Boston, in 1846 was the first man to put to practical use the administration of anesthetics; but for hundreds of years before this the use of various herbs to ease pain and induce unconsciousness was known. No doubt the use of cocaine as a local anesthetic originated from Baron Lanney, Napoleon's physician. This man applied ice to wounds to produce a state of insensibility to pain.

Newton was preceded in his knowledge of the law of gravitation by Dante and Shakespeare.

Laennec discovered the stethoscope in 1816; but one hundred and fifty years before Robert Hooke had shown a knowledge of its principles. The theory of the stereoscope, which we consider a comparatively new invention, was known to Euclid.

The New Year.

The clock struck twelve in the tall church tower,
And the old year slipped away,
To be lost in the crowd of phantom years
In the House of Dreams that stay
All wrapped in their cloaks of gray.

Then swift and sweet o'er the door's worn sill
Came the youngest child of Time,
With a gay little bough, and a merry laugh,
And a voice like bells achime,
Challenging frost and rime.

He found there was plenty for him to do,
The strong and the weak were here,
And both held out their hands to him,
And gave him greetings dear,
The beautiful young New Year.

"You must bring us better days," they said,
"The Old Year was a cheat";
Which I think was mean when the year was dead;
Such fate do dead years meet,
To be spurned by scornful feet!

"I bring you the best a year can bring,"
The newcomer stoutly spake;
"The chance of work, the gift of trust,
And the bread of love to break,
If but my gifts you'll take."

The noblest thing a year can lay
In the lap of you or me,
The brave New Year has brought this day.
It is Opportunity,
Which the wise are quick to see.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Wanderer's Return.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

By Eleanor A. Hunter.

Baby Blue Eyes had arrived at the Day Nursery as usual. She was quite familiar with its aspect. Everything was rigorously clean and smelt a little of disinfectant.

Gretchen, Rosina and Abraham were all there. Abraham was being washed by Miss Sanderson at that moment, and he was protesting with the full force of his lungs. Miss Sanderson paid no attention to his howls. She scrubbed sternly on. Bring me a clean set of clothes, please, Miss Fanny," she called above his shrieks. "It beats all how dirty this young one gets inside twenty-four hours. His mother never has fetched him clean, and she never will."

Miss Fanny brought the little shirt, the petticoat and the dress. "Hello, boy," she said, gaily.

Abraham stopped crying and held up his arms.

"Beats all," said Miss Sanderson again, "how every young one in this room stops crying when you come near."

Meanwhile a steady stream of babies was pouring in—babies of varied nationalities, of all ages and sizes, and clothed with every sort of garment that a baby can wear.

Miss Sanderson and Miss Fanny, with the deftness born of experience, were sorting them out. Some were laid in little white cribs, some were placed in baby-yards, and some were allowed to toddle about in accordance with their own sweet wills.

The Nursery, with its bare walls and floors, and its few broken and shabby toys, seemed rather a monotonous place to these babies. They never knew when they were going to be seized and scrubbed by Miss Sanderson, so they always kept one eye watching out for her, and they were prepared to pucker at any minute. But the Nursery life was not all unpleasant. They each had all they needed to eat, and that means a good deal to a baby. Then they had

Miss Fanny, and Miss Fanny was just as soft and plump as Miss Sanderson was hard and bony. It was a joy to be washed by Miss Fanny; baths under her care meant splashing and fun. Miss Fanny was liable to "creep-mouse" them at any time, or to break out in singing some cheerful nursery classic. In short, Miss Fanny was a true baby lover, and was consequently truly and warmly beloved by them all.

Outside, the sky was gray and still; big, soft flakes were gathering and floating gently downward through the quiet air. It was the last day of the old year. Miss Fanny's eyes had a far-away look, and the corners of her sweet mouth drooped a little. She was remembering something. Afternoon had come by this time, and the babies were getting rather fretful, for it was the "far end of the day." Abraham was crying outright, and Baby Blue Eyes felt as if she might disgrace herself and cry too. Just then she had a happy thought and acted upon it. She plumped down behind Rosina and tugged at her own little shoe until it came off. Then she worked away at her little blue sock until with a jerk that came off too. Baby Blue Eyes nearly fell over backwards, but regained her center of gravity and chuckled. She had her plaything, the prettiest, roundest, sweetest little foot with five rosy toes. No wonder she chuckled, she had the prettiest plaything in the world, and it was all her own.

The door opened. A draught of cold air came sweeping in, and with it came two ladies, beautifully dressed. One began to talk to Miss Sanderson, and if you had listened you could have heard such words as "pinafors," "bibs," "petticoats." The other lady, who was beautiful, but with a dissatisfied, unhappy look, stood glancing about the place. She looked at Miss Fanny, who stood near, stroking a little brown head. "How can you stand the life?" asked the lady abruptly.

"I love it," answered Miss Fanny.
"I should think it would be an awful bore," returned the lady.

"Would you be bored if you had this to take care of?" said Miss Fanny stooping suddenly to pick up Baby Blue Eyes, and holding her out for inspection all color, and light, and dimples, and still clinging to her little rosy foot.

The lady touched her gingerly with one gloved finger.

"Don't you want to take her?" asked Miss Fanny with mischief in her eyes.

"I never held one in my life," said the lady, smiling in spite of herself.

"Time you did, then," said Miss Fanny. "Come, take her. She is as sweet as a pink."

The lady held out her arms. Baby Blue Eyes was not going to miss a chance like that. She laughed, gave a little spring, and the next instant she was clinging to the lady's neck, amid the furs and laces. When the lady felt the little warm, fearless creature clinging to her, something happened within. Her face changed. She looked round for a rocking-chair, and presently she had tossed aside her muff, stripped off her gloves, and she was petting and playing with Baby Blue Eyes, a little awkwardly, but in the heartiest manner possible.

"I wish she was mine," she said to Miss Fanny.

"Ah," answered Miss Fanny, "you cannot have her; her own mother needs her too much."

"What sort of people has she got?" asked the lady a little jealously.

"She has a good mother."

"What sort of a father?"

"She has a father who needs her greatly," answered Miss Fanny gently.

It was quite dark now, the lights were lit, and the babies left the room. The parents were beginning to come, and the babies were watching each for its own mother. Even the little crib babies were lifting their heads, or were creeping close to the bars to look out. As each mother came in there were delighted shouts. Then when the babies were warmly wrapped and ready for the storm outside, the mothers paused to smile and say "Happy New Year," and "God bless you" to the nurses before they left the room.

Presently in came the mother of Baby Blue Eyes, a fine-looking, young woman, with a proud carriage, and a face whose lines showed suffering.

"Molly," said Miss Fanny to her gently, "it is New Year's Eve. Perhaps Jack may come home to-night; if he does, be good to him."

"He don't deserve I should be good to him," said Molly stubbornly. "He done me wrong."

"Were you always kind to him? You took him 'for better for worse,' remember," said Miss Fanny in a low tone with her hand on Molly's shoulder.

The girl's face quivered. "I wish you a Happy New Year, anyhow," she said. "You've been awful good to my baby and me. I don't know what we would have done without you."

"I wish many, many Happy New Years to Blue Eyes and you when Jack comes home," returned Miss Fanny, and she bent forward suddenly and kissed both mother and child.

There had been much unhappiness in Baby Blue Eyes' home before she came. Stubborn wills had clashed, and finally there had come a bitter quarrel, after which Jack had flung himself out of the house, telling Molly that if she hated him so much, he would trouble her no longer. Then Jack had gone down, a desperate man, into the blackness of darkness, leaving his wife to face her trouble alone. By and by Baby Blue Eyes had come, the sweetest, brightest, bonniest baby, with Jack's own eyes, and with his curling hair. God only knows how passionately her mother loved her. She lived and breathed for her, and counted the hours when they must be parted.

Apparently Jack was gone utterly, and Molly said she did not care, but she said it so often that shrewd Miss Fanny detected love indestructible underneath all the bitterness. Miss Fanny believed Jack would come back, and many were the prayers she breathed for the wanderer's return. Miss Fanny had but few of her own kindred on earth to care for, but the whole world was her family, and her heart went out to all.

When Baby Blue Eyes and her mother reached home that New Year's Eve, everything within the little place was neat and cold and still, so the little one stayed well wrapped up until the fire was lighted and the room made warm. Then her mother went to the window to draw down the shade, but somehow she paused and left it up. The firelight and lamplight filled the little room, and Blue Eyes and her mother had supper together, the baby drinking the warm milk from her mug with dainty sips, and turning every now and then to "love mamma." The mother ate but little, and she kept glancing toward the window.

Outside, the snow was flying fast, and it was growing colder. Across the street a shabby-looking man stood watching the glowing window opposite. Slowly he crossed the street and crept up by the house. He could resist no

longer. Cautiously he looked in. He saw the baby—his baby—in her mother's arms. Molly, pretty as ever, but with such mournful eyes, looked and looked wistfully toward the window. He sprang back. All that had once been his, and he had thrown it away—fool that he was! There was but one thing left for him to do. He would look once again, and then—the river was waiting, that was the place for him. He crept near in utter silence, when suddenly Molly lifted her head, as if she heard a call. She laid the baby quickly into her crib, and ran to the window. She flung up the sash. "Jack! Oh, Jack!" she cried, and Jack was there. She ran to the door. "Jack," she called, "come in," and he stumbled into her arms.

How it happened he did not know, but Molly was all mother to him that night. She warmed and dried and fed him; his very slippers were ready to put on.

Outside the pure white snow was falling still, covering all the ugliness and blackness of the streets, and within, the sweetness of immortal love was covering the ugliness and hatred of two once angry hearts. There was penitence and forgiveness, and they kissed and wished each other "a Happy New Year," as in the dear old time.

Uptown on one of the broad avenues, in a spacious house, a beautiful lady stood watching a dying fire. Her guests were gone, and she was left alone with her husband. She walked over to him and touched him a little shyly. He looked up quickly and drew her down on the broad arm of his chair.

"In ten little minutes," said the lady gently, "it will be New Year's Day." She paused, but he kept silence, for he knew her ways. "I feel," she said slowly, "as I used to when I was a little child—don't laugh, Henry." He held her very gently. "I feel like making some good resolutions, and beginning again, because it's New Year's Day. Life hasn't seemed worth much to us lately, has it, Henry, although we have so much? I want to tell you about something. Please try to understand."

"My girl," he said with great tenderness, "I am trying."

"I went with Mrs. Brooks to-day to see her pet charity. It is a Day Nursery, and one of the nurses there had eyes like my mother's, so true, you know, and so sunny. She put one of the babies into my arms, a beautiful little thing, and while I was holding her, somehow I saw how mean and petty and selfish I was. It was just as if mother spoke to me. Like a flash there came into my head the verse of a little hymn she taught me long ago:

"I lived for myself, I thought for myself,

For myself and naught beside,
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if he had never died."

"I want to begin again and live more for others. You will help me, won't you, Henry?"

"I will," he promised earnestly. "Indeed I will."

Then as the clock struck twelve, they smiled and kissed each other.

In her own white bed Miss Fanny was lying quietly. The peace of God was in her heart as she lay smiling and listening to the chiming of the New Year's bells. All over the round earth, men's hearts were once more putting wickedness and sorrow behind them. They were wishing happiness, peace and joy to each other. They were lifting them-

selves toward the heart of God by every loving wish they made for others. They were beginning again, and it was New Year's Day.—American Messenger.

Meditation.

Second Sunday in Advent.

(Collect)

Rt. Rev. J. B. Funsten.

Thy word, O God, more glorious seems,
As pass life's anxious days;
And clearer shine its blessed beams,
As more I know Thy ways.

The old, old Bible that I knew,
In childhood's earliest hour;
My manhood's reason holds as true,
In all its sacred power.

And still while nations rise and fall,
And Science makes things new;
We'll hear the blessed Saviour's call,
And know His word is true.

A Beautiful Incident.

It was the night before Christmas. I had gone to Oakland in the afternoon with some bundles for my small nephews, and was returning to San Francisco on the 7:30 boat. Going over, the steamer had been crowded with tired shoppers, their arms full of boxes and bundles of all sizes and descriptions, the gleanings of the city shops; but on the return trip the assemblage was different altogether—one of beautiful women, successful business men, merry girls and gay collegians, all going to spend the evening in the great city whose illuminated hills arose skyward along the horizon, and whose lights rivalled the twinkling stars.

The passengers were all well dressed and in high spirits. The atmosphere of Christmas was everywhere—a California Christmas, full of flowers and plenty. All over the great boat were sounds of laughter and merriment.

I took a seat well forward and began to watch the throng about me. To the left a chattering flock of girls came to rest like so many birds. Their fresh faces and their dainty clothes making a pretty picture. Opposite them sat a richly dressed woman with gray hair; she was alone, and there was a hungry look in her eyes as she watched the gay group, which made me remember that the richest are sometimes the loneliest at Christmas time.

Along the deck to join the others came another girl, who attracted my attention at once. She was tall and slight, with a poise that told of perfect health; her hair was brown with a glint of gold, and curled softly around her face, which was all alight with merriment. Her dress, rich but in perfect taste, stamped her as the daughter of a refined and cultivated home. In her hands she carried a great bunch of manzanita berries.

Just as the boat was starting, a small boy entered the cabin and took a seat opposite mine. He was evidently an errand boy, and carried a covered basket, which he placed at his feet. His suit was worn and too small for him, his shoes were dilapidated, and his wrists showed the sleeves of a ragged shirt.

The child, for he was little more, was tired out; the cabin was warm, the boat rocked softly, and presently his head fell back against the seat and he was asleep.

There was a sudden silence in the laughing group of girls; some one said, "Poor little chap!" in a low voice, and then the girl with the manzanita berries crossed the deck and sat down softly at his side. She had an open box of bonbons in her hands, and she began

deftly slipping caramels and creams in their paper covers into the boy's ragged pockets.

The lad roused once at the sound of the steamer's whistle signalling, and looked sleepily around him; but the girl swiftly hid the box beneath her berries and gazed calmly out at the lights on the water, and he never connected the smiles on the faces around with himself, nor dreamed that the elegant creature beside him was even conscious of his existence.

When he fell asleep again the girl quietly finished, then bent and gently lifted the cover of the basket at his feet. It was empty, and after a moment's thought she laid the red bunch of manzanita berries in it! Then she returned to her companions. I heard her say, "Girls, you don't need that second box," and she went back with an unopened case of French candy. By this time all the passengers at that end of the boat were interested, and when the girl rose to her feet, after placing the box with the berries, a man came softly forward with a package in his hand.

"It's roller-skates," he said, as he gave it to her. "I'll tell my boy about it, and he won't mind waiting."

Then a motherly-looking woman at the end of my seat passed a book and from somewhere behind me came a wonderful Chinese top. One of the college students took a knife from his pocket, another a whistle, and presented them with low bows to the girl.

The girl passed again behind the sleeping boy, placing the bundles one by one in the basket. As she softly closed the lid, the lonely lady beckoned to her with a sudden, eager light in her eyes.

"I have no toys to give," she said in a low tone, "nothing but this." There was a sound of money, and a shining gold-piece made its way to the girl's outstretched hand. "From Santa Claus," she said softly, and the girl wrapped it carefully in a bit of paper and tucked it in the messenger's inner pocket.

The boy woke again at the steamer's warning signal as she entered her slip, and felt mechanically for his receipt book. He drew out his hand suddenly, staring in amazement at the bonbons.

His surprised face was the target of many eyes, but without noticing them he searched one pocket after another, his bewilderment deepening at every moment. Then as the boat struck against the swinging piles and was being made fast, he crammed the candy hastily back and took up his basket—and as hastily sat down again to investigate the reason of its unexpected weight. Then the surging crowd hid him from my view.—Selected.

We are ready to praise when all shines fair; but when life is overcast, when all things seem to be against us, when we are in fear for some cherished happiness, or in the depths of sorrow, or in the solitude of a life which has no visible support, or in a season of sickness, and with the shadow of death approaching—then to praise God; then to say, This fear, loneliness, affliction, pain and trembling awe, are as sure tokens of love, as life, health, joy, and the gifts of home: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;" on either side it is he, and all is love alike; "blessed be the name of the Lord"—this is the true sacrifice of praise. What can come amiss to a soul which is so in accord with God? What can make so much as one jarring tone in all its harmony? In all the changes of this fitful life, it ever dwells in praise.—H. E. Manning.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"One, Two, Three."

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing—
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted-knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothespress, gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear, dear lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

—Bunner, in Kansas City Journal.

Two Thorns.

It hurt. Every minute it seemed to hurt worse—worse, Elizabeth said. She kept uncrumpling her palm and looking at it, and touching it to make sure it hurt very much—and groaning softly under her breath. There was nobody in the world Elizabeth pitied so much as Elizabeth, for probably there wasn't any other little girl with a cruel thorn in her hand.

Mademoiselle looked very sorry, but Elizabeth would not look at Mademoiselle. You don't look at folks that keep you a whole hour away from your play to learn your spelling all over again, or that say: "What, what!" at you when you say your threetable. Folks like that you—'spise.

"Gov'nesses are dreadful folks," sighed Elizabeth. "I wish my mother'd let me go to school instead of having me governed." But she could not wish anything very long, except that the thorn would come out of her hand. It certainly did ache worse than ever—there now, didn't it! Hadn't she pinched it to see, and didn't it?

"Elizabeth"—the voice was quite gentle, but firm. Elizabeth did not turn round. Her little white forehead above the tan line was wrinkled with real pain.

"There is still the spelling"—

As if she could learn spelling with a thorn in her hand! But she opened the book again and whispered "A-c-h—
—he" over and over to herself.

Why! Why that was what she was doing now, this minute—ach-e-ing Elizabeth laughed softly, in spite of herself. After that the word was easy enough to spell. Elizabeth was eight; but as long as she lived, even when she was eighty, she would know how to spell a-c-h-e.

Some one was talking to Mademoiselle at the door.

"No," Mademoiselle was sighing, "I cannot yet come." Some words Elizabeth lost there, then, "She is my little what you call?—thorn in the flesh."

Elizabeth sat up straighter. The speller slid to the floor.

"She means me," she thought. "She's got one in her flesh, too, and it's—me!"

It was rather a startling idea. It had never been clear like that before—what her naughtiness was like to Mademoiselle. How much it must hurt if it was like a thorn in her hand! It must burn and sting and ache—a-c-h-e. How much it must a-c-h-e.

Elizabeth found herself beginning to be sorry for Mademoiselle on account of that thorn. If some one would take it out! Nobody in the world could take it out except Elizabeth. And Elizabeth—she turned suddenly and ran to Mademoiselle.

"I'll take it out!" laughed Elizabeth, softly. "I've got one in my hand, too, an' I know how it hurts. I never s'posed before that thorns and—and bad little girls hurt just alike. I can spell a-c-h-e now, an' my tables. Don't you think it will come out of your flesh then?"

Mademoiselle understood. With a little cry she caught Elizabeth up and kissed her. Then as gently as she could she uncrumpled the little aching hand and drew out Elizabeth's thorn. They were both laughing when it was over, so Mademoiselle's thorn must have come out, too.—Annie Hamilton.

Mary's Dream.

Mary was a lazy little girl; she would say "I will practice to-morrow; why should I work to-day (Monday), when I have all the week in which to learn. I will rest to-day. And so the week would pass and nothing would be learned. One Saturday afternoon, seated in a large easy chair, thinking of how she would work next week, Mary fell asleep and had a dream that worked a change in her methods.

She seemed to be in a large room. She stood in the centre, and to her great pleasure saw many beautiful things. While she was standing thus, six beautiful women clothed in loose, flowing robes, richly embroidered, and with costly gifts in their arms, came before her.

Mary went up to the first and said: "Give me of the joy and blessings you have in your hands."

She smiled and answered, "Gladly, my dear. You can have all, if you will only do one thing." "I will," exclaimed Mary, "tell me what it is." "Do your duty to-day, my dear, for I am Monday. If you will do just what I tell you, I will leave everything I have in my arms to you when I depart."

Mary thought that a very good offer, but concluded first to see what the next lady had. "I like her dress better," she said to herself, "and her gifts may be more beautiful." So she addressed herself to Miss Tuesday.

"Give me, I pray you, of the gifts you have in your arms?"

"Indeed, I will," replied Miss Tuesday, but you will have to use Care and Work before they can be given to you. Each packet contains Honor and Unspeakable Pleasure."

"Honor and Pleasure are, indeed, good, but I would be obliged to give Care and Work for them. Thank you, Miss Tuesday, I will pass on and see what Miss Wednesday has, and return to you, if she offers nothing better." She passed on, and found that in her arms were undiscovered truths that would bring the gold of success.

"Give me of your blessings, for I long for gold," cried Mary.

Miss Wednesday smiled and answered, "I will, if you will spend this day in effort, trying to do things you do not wish to do."

"Oh, well, I am sure Miss Thursday will not ask such hard things, so I will pass on to her," Mary said.

Miss Thursday looked at her and said, "You have come to me for gifts. Will you give, in exchange, obedience to your teacher; will you do those things she asks of you? If so, then here are jewels for you, that all wish for, that will last for all time."

"No," answered Mary, "I am sure Miss Friday will not demand such hard tasks. I will see her."

"Miss Friday, what have you to give me?"

Miss Friday answered, "I will give you a name on the pages of history, if you will spend every moment of your time working. Remember, you must give me much time and thought; then your name will be known and revered."

Mary looked at Miss Saturday and saw on her face a look of great kindness. "What have you to give, Miss Saturday, and what do you ask?"

"I give Fame. All I ask is that you shall have done what the others have asked of you. If so, come and take at my hands Fame. I ask nothing for it."

"I want Fame," cried Mary, "and I will now return and do what each has asked."

She turned and ran back to where Miss Monday had stood, but, alas, she was no longer there, neither she nor any of her sisters. Mary had lost her chance. When she came to a full realization that her opportunity was gone she burst into tears, which wakened her from her dream. So vivid was the impression made upon her mind that she never forgot it. When she was tempted to delay some duty the remembrance of her dream stimulated her to work.—Katherine Morgan.

The South African Schoolboy.

By E. R. Norton.

The majority of school children in South Africa are either of Dutch or French Huguenot descent. The small minority are of English lineage. Want of continuity between home and school life is one of the schoolboy's greatest disadvantages. South Africa is a land of diversified farming, ostrich and sheep farming being the most profitable, though truck farms do well. In the distractions of farm life the white boy is apt to forget the lessons of discipline and progress learned in the previous quarter. His father, utterly dependent upon the smiles and frowns of nature, seldom talks of anything save the weather and the crops. Hence his son grows up with a sad lack of general information. What he gets he reads in the weekly newspaper. The isolation of farm life has developed that birth-right of the South African—a graceful and most generous hospitality. I

have never seen this sincere hospitality equaled in any other part of the globe. In South Africa, owing to the peerless climate, where nature smiles for eight months out of the twelve, the love of literature grows slowly; for the youth loves rather to be in the open air than to pore over his books in the library or dining room. The boys and girls in South Africa mature early, the former being fully grown at eighteen and the latter at sixteen years of age. It is not uncommon for boys and girls to become betrothed at the early ages mentioned. When this happens, then good-by to any thought of higher education. With ability to read and write Dutch and English and to keep accounts, the average South African is content to let the classics and higher mathematics severely alone.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Why He Was There.

A colporter among the mountains of Tennessee was one day sitting on a high zigzag fence, talking to a tall stolid-faced man who stood beside him, concerning the principles of Christianity.

The man smoked his corn-cob pipe and listened in silence for some time, then he said abruptly:

"What you uns here fu talkin' to we uns, an' luggin' aroun' a bag er leetle ornary books?"

"Because this Christ of whom I have been talking gave us this rule: 'Do as you would be done by.' It is in this book, his Book. I will read it to you," and turning the leaves of the Testament that he held in his hand to the thirty-first verse of the sixth chapter of Luke, he pointed with his finger as he read: "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise." "We call it the Golden Rule," he added.

"It couldn't be did," said the mountaineer, taking his elbows off the fence, and then walking up a narrow foot-path to a cabin, standing in the centre of the small fenced-in enclosure, looking for a moment in at the open doorway, and finally returning to his visitor's side, as he reiterated: "No, it couldn't never be did. How did you come to know on it, first, yourself, stranger?"

"My mother told me," said the colporter, slipping off the fence and leaning his back against it as he talked, looking up into the rugged face that began to show an expression of interest.

"She was a poor widow with two little boys, and she worked for them early and late, knitting stockings and many other articles out of yarn, and while she knit she talked and sang and lifted her heart and voice in prayer. She wanted her boys to be good boys, so she taught them to love God and to do as they would be done by. She also taught them that in order to follow this rule in their lives they must each ask God to give them a new heart. It says here in this book, 'A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will put within you.'"

A curious, puzzled, inquiring look came into the man's face. He rapped his corn-cob pipe against the fence to clear it of ashes, filled it with tobacco from his pocket, walked deliberately to the cabin and lighted the pipe with a coal from the embers on the hearth and returning, offered it to his caller, saying:

"You might set on the groun'."

"Thank you," said the colporter, availing himself of the privilege, but pleasantly declining the pipe.

The mountaineer set the reed stem between his own teeth, turned again to the foot-path leading to the cabin and

paced up and down, and every time he reached the dwelling he put his head in at the open doorway and looked toward a far-away corner of the silent room.

At length he paused before his visitor, who was growing more and more curious every moment, and said:

"That mother er yourn alive?"

"She was when I left home."

"She want you ter come way off out here ter tell uns about that new rule an' new heart?"

"Yes, and about Jesus Christ who gave us the Golden Rule and gives us the new heart, if we believe on him and ask him for it. In this Book it says: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' That includes you."

"Me? Me? Sure?" said the mountaineer, picking up the heavy satchel. "Walk in, stranger," and he led the way, his guest following not unwillingly up the path through the open doorway.

There his host dropped the bag, saying:

"Set there on the cheer an' let the boy see the books, if you're a mind ter."

At first the change from the bright clear sunlight to this windowless room was so great that the visitor could not distinguish objects, but the light fuel his host threw upon the fire blazed up suddenly, and by its ruddy glow he saw a slender youth with an eager, intelligent face, bright, alert eyes and a shock of unkempt brown hair.

Another glance showed him that the boy was chained so that he could not leave the corner, but not appearing to notice anything unusual, he emptied the contents of the satchel upon the rough floor.

"Show him that about the Gold Rule an' that new heart," said the mountaineer, striding toward the corner. The colporter obeyed and the youth read the words aloud.

"It's there," said the man. "It must be there! You didn't lie. Now, I'm sure on it, you an' the boy can talk if you wanter."

"Where did you learn to read?" asked the stranger quickly, to save embarrassment, although he felt his face burn with indignation at the boy's condition.

"The hunters have taught me," replied the youth. "I often have been with them as a guide. They always have papers and books. They gave me a few, but my father, who has never been taught to read, saw no good use in them and tucked them all into the fire. I am wanting to go away to school, so that as soon as I know enough I may come back and teach others, but he will not hear a word about it, and fearing that I might run away, he fastened me here."

"And should you go in that way?"

"I can't tell; I fear so, and yet I had a Bible and I know about that Golden Rule."

"And he has that new heart," interrupted the father. "I knew it as soon as you told me about it. I would not hear it from 'im. I shot 'im up, but 'e 'as it, an' it's kep' him easy, while he was a-waitin' fur sunshin' or another to happen."

"Yes," said the boy, "I was waiting for some one to come with whom he would be willing to let me go."

"You are a free man!" said the father with a quaint native dignity, unfastening the chain. "Your rule tells us to feed this stranger, afterwards we can talk. I know now what he's here fur."

* * *

In an eastern school this youth from

Heiskell's Ointment Cures Skin Diseases.

For half a century Heiskell's Ointment has been used in all cases of skin diseases with most gratifying results. Many have become entirely cured who had suffered untold pain and annoyance for years. One man in New Baltimore, Pa., writes that it cured him when he was raw all over. A lady in Philadelphia cured a case of tetter of six years' standing in fourteen days, while a man in Allentown, Pa., cured his case of eczema that had troubled him for eleven years with less than two boxes of the ointment. These and hundreds of others have found that Heiskell's Ointment is worth more than its weight in gold. Being a purely vegetable preparation, Heiskell's Ointment soothes and heals where others fail. It allays the itching and burning common to all skin diseases, and all yield quickly to its magic influence.

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the mountains of Tennessee is now an ambitious and promising student. The writer met him during his vacation, which was spent in adding to his fund of general information. He is longing for the time to come when he can go back; and in the far-away mountains the teacher is preparing for his return.

"Thet mother knit an' knit an' knit to earn money for her boys," he says, "an' I am workin' jest as many hours as she. I care for the crops. I'm building a better home house fur that boy an' there'll be a school cabin ready fur him an' a meetin'-house an' while I work late an' early, I tells the neighbors times he's changed, laziness must go out, an' books an' Bibles an' the Golden Rule an' the new heart must come in." —Annie A. Preston, American Missionary.

Messenger Bees.

A French agriculturalist has been experimenting with bees as messengers. He has discovered that they will return to their hives from a distance of about four miles in twenty minutes, bearing dispatches, after the manner of homing pigeons. Pigeons will retrace a distance of 500 or even 1,000 miles. There seems to be little danger of their being driven out of business.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

—Mary G. Brainard.

Two Travelers.

"Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand
Went journeying up and down the land,
On Lend-a-hand the sunshine smiled;
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy
child;
Birds greeted her from many a tree;
But Selfish said, 'No one loves me.'

"Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss—
The weather was bad, the folk were cross.
Lend-a-hand said when the journey was o'er,
'I never had such a good time before.'

A True Story About a Horse.

When I was a little girl we lived in the country, about a mile from the schoolhouse. Every pleasant day we girls walked to school. When it was stormy my father generally carried us in the morning and we stayed at school through the day.

Our horse, Charley, was very knowing and kind. He knew so well the way from our house to the school that he was often trusted to go alone.

Often towards the close of a stormy afternoon my father would harness the good horse to the wagon, take him to the road and say, "Charley, go and get the girls."

Charley would trot down the road to the schoolhouse, would himself turn the wagon so that he was headed toward home, and there wait till school was out, when we climbed into the wagon and drove home. There he was rewarded with loving words, pats and apples. I am glad to remember that our faithful horse was always treated kindly. Father refused all offers to sell him and he ended his days with us.

The Unforgotten Lesson.

The third year Greek class, following with more or less enthusiasm the fortunes of the Trojan war, had reached the passage where Diomedes speaks of the "guest-friendship" that existed between his grandfather and Bellerophon.

"For once upon a time, the noble Oeneus entertained the blameless Bellerophon," Joe Meeker translated rapidly, with the manner of one anxious to be rid as soon as might be of the worthies in question.

The teacher's dark eyes showed that for once her thoughts had escaped the constraint of her will. She was young herself, and strong and eager over life, and as she looked down into the careless young faces before her a tone that her pupils had never heard before crept into her voice.

She did not correct the translation. She began to speak of the beauty of the old Greek myths and ideals, of the high privilege of friendship, of the honor that bound host and guest in modern days and modern homes, no less than in the Greece of distant centuries.

"Yesterday," she said, "I heard a girl who had been visiting a friend make fun of that friend's 'ways' and dress. Last week I heard a boy name slightly a man who had befriended him. Can you imagine anything more contemptible? Compare such things with the old Greek honor between those who had broken bread together. I would rather, a thousand times rather, any pupil of mine should fail in every examination than to fail once in honor or chivalry."

The bell for the next recitation rang then, and the Greek class rose and dispersed silently. All the members, boys and girls alike, looked thoughtful.

During the rest of the year Miss Harland taught Greek, and did not resume

the subject of Greek honor and chivalry. When the fall term opened it was with a new face in the Greek room. The young teacher had died of typhoid in the summer.

Fifteen years later two members of the class happened to meet, and began to talk over old times.

"Do you remember Miss Harland?" one asked. "It always seemed so impossible to think of her as dead."

"Yes," the other replied. And then she asked slowly, "Do you remember the talk she gave us in Greek one day?"

The reply came instantly. "I've never forgotten it. I've forgotten every word of Greek, but never that talk. I've been trying to live up to it ever since."

The two women looked at each other with understanding eyes. There was no need of words.

The Doctor's Story.

"I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon and had a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his stables, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The dispatch was:

"Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once!"

"Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature and worth a small fortune.

"When we got out of the cars Barnum himself was there, with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said, in a discouraged tone, 'I'm afraid you can't help her!' His distrust put me on my mettle.

"'Mr. Barnum,' said I, getting into the carriage, 'if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any.'

"He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony, and almost wild with the pain.

"Long before we reached the inclosure in which she was, we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!"

"Her keeper said: 'Don't you be afraid, sir, Hebe's got sense.'

"But I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

"The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectfully and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

"While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's, but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness.

"She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

"I shall have to cut, and cut deep," said I by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then shouted with utmost coolness, "Cut away!"

"The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbing away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not urgently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

I started out to make the best lamp-chimney in the world—I have stuck to it all my life.

My name is on the chimney if it's a MACBETH.

The Index explains how to get a MACBETH chimney to fit every lamp, and how to care for lamps. Sent free to everyone asking for it.

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"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call out.

"'Cut away!' came the encouraging response.

"This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair released, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh.

"It must have been a year and a half after this that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's show was there, and you may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"'Hebe's well and hearty, sir,' the keeper answered me. 'Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you.'

"There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly, first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth!"—Our Dumb Animals.

How We Rise.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings.

Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men,
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
But our feet must rise or we'll fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;

But the dreams depart and the vision fails,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

Sleep, Little Baby.

Sleep, little baby, the moon in soft splendor
Is wooing the day-heart away from the
sun.

The sunlight is bright, but the moonlight is
tender;
And tired hearts long for tenderness, little
one.

From the misty cloud-curtains the bright
star-eyes peep,
The night-winds move drowsily. Sleep, baby
sleep.

Sleep, little baby, ere years come in numbers,
And the two tiny feet which in one hand I
hold,
Cuddle so close while my little one slum-
bers,
Will take their first steps while I guide,
then, grown bold,
Will walk on alone. Though they leave
mother here,
They never can wander beyond her love,
dear.

Sleep, little baby. Whate'er the years bring
you,
'Tis mother who watches your slumber to-
night;
And your head nestles close to my heart
while I sing you,
O baby, my baby, so safe in my sight!
When kisses more sweet wake your girl-
heart some day,
God grant they be true as your mother's I
pray.

—S. S. Times.

How the Woodpecker Got His Name.

By D. M. Henderson, Jr.

Long, long ago, when King Elephant ruled the animal kingdom, Sir Squirrel, who held at court the high office of Purveyor of Peanuts to His Royal Highness, was found by his king dining upon some choice nuts which the king had intended to eat. For this offense the king banished Sir Squirrel.

King Elephant, however, soon missed Sir Squirrel, for none of his subjects filled the office of Purveyor to his liking; so at last he decided to place him again in office. Then the king's heralds went forth to bear to Sir Squirrel these news, but they could not find him.

Sir Fox, the king's sly councilor, then approached his king.

"Sire," he advised, "let His Highness Whale, King of Fish, search under his waters for Sir Squirrel."

"'Tis good advice!" cried King Elephant, and he at once asked King Whale to do this. But Squirrel was not found.

Sir Fox again came forward.

"Sire, let Her Highness Owl, Queen of Birds, search the air," he now advised. Again the king praised him, and did what he said. Queen Owl was as willing to help as King Whale had been, and sent her subjects to seek Sir Squirrel, but none found him.

At this moment a bird, Bigbeak by name, flew towards them: "I saw Sir Squirrel a league from here, peeping from a hole in a hollow tree!" So all the animals and birds set out, with King Elephant, carrying Queen Owl upon one tusk and Bigbeak on the other, in the lead.

The king at last reached Sir Squirrel's tree, and Bigbeak, jealous of his honors, flew from his perch and poked his head through the hole in which he had seen Sir Squirrel. He kept his beak in the hole so long a time that Queen Owl grew worried, fearing that Sir Squirrel had bitten it off. At last she seized Bigbeak by his tail feathers and pulled him from the hole. Poor Bigbeak, upon this, confessed that Sir Squirrel was not in the hole, and that he must have made a mistake. He had not, however. Sir Squirrel had spied the king coming, and, thinking that he meant to slay him, fled.

A great uproar followed. King Elephant loudly trumpeted his sorrow, while his subjects roared and howled their grief. Queen Owl and her subjects, now angry at Bigbeak for bringing shame upon their tribe, flew at him,

and left him almost bare of feathers. To add to his trouble, as he flew from them, Bigbeak heard his queen hooting after him: "Not until you have found Sir Squirrel can you return to my court!"

Men in after years saw a bird pecking at trees, and named him Wood-pecker; but that bird was none other than Bigbeak. Unto this day he is pecking on trees which seem likely to be the hiding-place of Sir Squirrel, this appeal:

"Sir Squirrel, listen pray, to me!
No longer exiled need you be.
Your lonely life, pray live no more;
Your king your office would restore.
And since no happiness I'll know
Till to your king with me you'll go,
If you are in this tree, pray speak,
Make glad the heart of poor Bigbeak."

But Sir Squirrel does not understand Bigbeak's appeal, and remains quiet, for he thinks that the king's jailer is knocking at his door; so it seems likely that Bigbeak will be a woodpecker forever. —Sunday-School Times.

Church or Circus?

Most ministers at the age of sixty are still able to preach powerful and edifying sermons. Not a few have at that age been very successful in organizing missions and building up good strong congregations. But in Chicago is a church which is "modern," whose trustees have requested the resignation of the pastor because "he is too old to be of future use." He has reached the sixty mark.

"What we need," say these trustees, "is a hustling business man who can raise money and a man who can preach sermons that will attract, a man not afraid of notoriety."

A secular paper (The St. Paul Daily News) has a very timely editorial comment on the above, which is well worth a much wider circulation than it receives in that paper. It says:

"The conception of the Church held by these trustees is the conception of too many Churchmen—that of material prosperity, influence and power in the community. In the carrying out of this idea many churches have entered the contest for expensive plants, artistic music and sensational preaching. They require a pastor who has business capacity, social leadership, who is capable of making an impression. In all this miserable programme there is not one iota of real Christianity.

"If the Church is anything more than an ethical society it is a divine institution which is set for the cultivation of spiritual life. All else is incidental to the main purpose—the engaging and saving of the souls of men.

"It is well enough to have expensive churches—if they reach the people and minister to their spirits. And good music—if it does not degenerate into mere entertainment. And good preaching—if it is Gospel. But the church that is looking for a combined orator, social leader, canvassing agent and financier to be its pastor—regardless of the depth and sweetness of his spirituality—ought to go out of the church business and go into the show business."

It is a sad comment on the Church when the world accuses it of secularism. While the Church needs to be wide awake and look after its interests, it must not be conformed to this world. While it is true that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, it is not said that the latter are to imitate the former in

The church which adheres to the pure preaching of the Word will in the end be the winning church, whether that Gospel be preached by young men or old men; for heaven and earth shall pass away but the Word of God will abide forever. The activity and enthusiasm of the young men are needed in the Church, but the stability and conservatism of the old men are just as necessary. That Church will accomplish the greatest good, which has the old men in it, who direct the activity of the young men, and at the same time has the young men in it, who respect the admonitions and do the more strenuous work required in a growing Church.—The Lutheran.

Polite Parting Shot.

"When I was younger than I am now," says a lawyer who is still somewhat this side of middle age, "I had a position in the office of a man who has a big reputation. Naturally, I felt my responsibility. It was plain to me that the head of the firm had outlived his usefulness, and I used to feel sorry to think what would happen to him if I ever left him. Sheer magnanimity made me overlook a lot of things.

"I wasn't treated in that office with all the deference due me, but I stood it till one day somebody went too far. Then I marched into the old man's private office and laid down the law to him. I told him I wasn't going to endure such treatment another day. I was going to quit, that was what I was going to do, and I was going to quit right then and there. I unburdened my mind freely, and then I stopped to give him a chance to apologize and beg me not to ruin him by leaving. He didn't look up from his desk. He said to me in a polite kind of way,

"Please don't slam the door when you go out." —Washington Post.

The Passing Years.

They're passing away, these swift, sweet years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As light as the beautiful thistle-down,
As fond as a lover's dream,
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's
throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years yet to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years. Oh, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet
wine,
But never an angry word.

—New York Dispatch.

How's This?

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Just as I Please.

I heard a girl say recently: "I'm not going to take music lessons ~ Miss H. any more; she is too exacting. She is always trying to make me hold my hands a certain way, and makes me play it over and over until I get it just so. I'm going to take lessons from Miss Brown. She lets you do as you please, and never worries you because you haven't your lesson."

Do you suppose you will ever hear of her as a great musician—or any kind of a musician?

A lady of my acquaintance remarked: "I will not study under Miss Hart, for she criticizes me, and I won't stand it. I am just as intelligent as she is."

Do you think you will ever hear of that lady as a great scholar?

I knew a bright boy who quit school right in the middle of the term last winter, and when I asked him the reason he answered: "O, the lessons are gettin' kind of hard, and I don't see any use in a feller workin' so hard for nothin'."

Do you ever expect to hear of that boy as a great lawyer or doctor, teacher or preacher?

I heard another boy who was hired to sweep the school house say: "I ain't going to sweep the dirt off the porch, 'cause I'm only hired to sweep the room."

Do you imagine you will ever hear of his securing an important position?

Of course you do not. You never expect to hear of any of these people again. Now let me tell you, my boy, my girl, something you have been told often before: No one will ever amount to anything who is not willing to be taught. The teacher who is most exacting is your best friend. Love and thank the one who makes you do your work over and over until it is just right.

Perhaps you remember the story of Agassiz and the fish. When Agassiz was a boy, one day his teacher gave him a fish and told him to study it. In an hour or two he came back and reported that he was done. The teacher asked him what he had learned, and he described the arrangement of the fins and scales and such other things that he had noticed. Without a word of advice the teacher ordered him to take that fish and go and study it. He kept it until the next day, dissected its flesh, and studied its organs, and came back and reported what he had learned. The teacher again ordered him to study the fish. He took it home and studied the bones, even cut into the bones and studied the marrow. The next day when he reported the teacher said: "Very well, sir." That was the real beginning of that careful system of study which made him one of the world's greatest naturalists.

Ask any great mathematician, and he will tell you that nothing pleased him better when in school than to get hold of a really hard problem and work on it for a week if need be. Ask any great writer or speaker, and he will tell you that he has pored over his dictionary and rhetoric for days and days, and nights, too. A famous musician once said to the writer: "Do you know that when I was at the conservatory I often practiced eight hours a day?"

Hard work? Of course it is, but who that has a grain of spirit would not rather work hard and become skillful than to be such a poor workman that he never would have any work to do? If you have the true spirit of a learner, you will be thankful for corrections. It hurts to be criticised. I know it does; but who that has any spirit would not rather be criticised while learning than

go on blundering all through life? The dead and useless limbs must be pruned away if the tree is to grow and be fruitful. When the pruning hook comes to you, don't dodge and flinch, saying you would rather always be a scrub and bear sour, little, knotty fruit than stand some smarting just now.—Good Cheer.

He Prayed.

Some years ago I was a sailor on board the *Heroine*, bound for Montevideo. We were cast off the Bermudas, running under single reefed topsails. It was the dogwatch, in the evening, and a sailor named George and I were on the watch, on the topgallant forecastle, in the forward part of the ship. I was talking with him of my early life, and of the lessons of piety which I had learned at home. He ridiculed the whole, and declared that there was no God, and that all this talk was mere moonshine.

"Eight bells" rang, and the watch was changed, and the men were called away to pump ship. George took a bucket to get some water to fetch the pump. As he flung it over the side of the vessel it caught in the water, and as we were going quite fast George was drawn overboard. Instantly the cry was heard, "Man overboard." We were on the larboard tack; the mate shouted, "Hard starboard the wheel!" and the vessel came round and stood on the starboard tack, and we could hear George crying in the darkness: "Save me! Save me! Save me! Save me!"

We immediately launched a boat, but it stove in launching, and began to fill with water. The steward came to our assistance with some blankets, which we stuffed into the hole to stop the water, and we hastened to the rescue. The night was dark, and the sea was rough. We pulled out into the darkness, and followed the sound as well as we could, until we came to the place where poor George was struggling with the waves. Being a good swimmer, he had kept himself from sinking, and we found him about a quarter of a mile from the vessel, drew him on board, and pulled back to ship with our boat half full of water. In thirty minutes from the time he fell overboard we had him safe in his bunk in the forecastle, and as comfortable as we could make him.

The next morning I said to him: "Did you think that the ship was going to leave you, and that you were lost?"

"Yes, I did," said he.

"Now, George, be honest—what did you do then?"

"I prayed to God."

"But I thought you did not believe there is a God?"

George replied: "When a man is overboard in a dark night, and the ship going away from him, and he expects to die, he thinks different and talks different from what he does when he is on the topgallant forecastle spinning yarns in safety."

We heard no more of infidelity or blasphemy from poor George, but he did not recover from his terrible experience in the water. We left him at the hospital at Montevideo, where he afterward died.

This is but one of a thousand instances where infidelity has not stood the test of actual experience in the hour of danger. Men can scoff and mock in times of health and safety, but there is a secret hypocrisy in it all. As the man who had long believed there is no future punishment said when following his plow: "Of course, I believe that doctrine—I believe it, but I would give that yoke of oxen to know that it is so." Here is the great trouble. Men pretend

to believe very much as they desire to. "The wish is father to the thought;" but they would give a great deal to know that their faith has a good foundation, and unfortunately they are not able to satisfy themselves.

Are Your Feet Untangled?

He was a little, old negro, gray and black and bent. With axe in hand he came to cut a load of wood.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Archie Brown, boss," was the reply.

"How old are you?"

"Gwine on eighty-fo', sah."

"Well, Uncle Archie, if the Lord were to call you to go home this afternoon, would you be willing to go?"

A reminiscent look swept over his face, and, pushing his hat back, he leaned on his axe, chuckled to himself, and said, "Boss, I'm dest a-waitin' wid my footsy's untangled."

A few months later I heard that Uncle Archie was dead, and I thought it must have been easy for him to leave.—Churchman.

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Household.

To Make Baby Sleep.

Children under two years of age are very subject to indigestion in various degrees, caused by the existence of unfermented food in the stomach and bowels, and are more often fretful from this than any other cause. By injecting with a fountain syringe a moderate quantity of lukewarm water just before bedtime, and thus cleansing the bowels of any undigested matter, in nine cases out of ten the child will fall into a healthful sleep. This may be repeated two or even three times a day with equally beneficial results. If some tired mother will try this experiment I feel sure she will wake in the morning with a baby exhibiting that peace and calm of mind which can only result from a sound and refreshing sleep.

Moravian Sugar Cake.

Recipe for sugar-cake as made in Bethlehem, Pa., over fifty years ago: One-half pound of butter, well beaten; four eggs, put in one at a time; six tablespoons of white sugar; one-half cup of baker's yeast; one pint of warm milk, a little salt, and flour enough to make it not as stiff as bread dough. Beat all well together, and set away to rise; this may be done in the evening. Put the dough in pans, about one inch thick, and let it rise again. When risen, make holes in the dough with your finger, about two inches apart, and put in each hole some cinnamon, sugar (brown and white mixed), and a small piece of butter, in the order given. Then put cinnamon and sugar over the whole cake, and bake in a quick oven; when done, shake powdered sugar over it.

Chocolate Sauce.

Boil together one cupful of cream, three-fourths cupful each of grated chocolate and brown sugar, and one cupful granulated sugar; boil twenty minutes, stir well, add teaspoonful vanilla and serve cold.

Worth Knowing.

Grease stains on leather may be removed by carefully applying benzine or perfectly pure turpentine. The spots must be washed over afterward with well beaten white of egg or a good kid reviver.

It is possible to freshen stale cake by steaming it for about an hour and then leaving it in a hot oven for a few minutes. Yesterday's rolls may be made palatable by heating in the oven until they become hot. When eaten warm they are delicious.

A cracked egg may be boiled by placing a teaspoonful of salt in the water. This prevents any of the white from boiling out of the crack.

To clean ivory hair brushes dip half lemon, from which you have used the juice, into fine salt, and rub the spots with this, wipe it off at once, and dry quickly or otherwise the ivory will be discolored by the damp.

When milk has to be boiled, and there is fear of its burning, a good plan is to boil rapidly a little water—just enough to cover the bottom of the pan—before putting in the milk. This will prevent the milk from burning however fierce the heat over which it is cooked.

When the handles of steel knives become loose or come off, they can easily be mended with resin. Pour a little powdered resin into the handle of the knife, then heat the part of the knife

which fits into the handle until it is red-hot, then thrust it quickly into the handle, and when it is cool the handle will be found to be firmly fixed.

Morning Cometh.

"A little girl had been accustomed always to bid her father good-night in the same words. She was an only child, and loved as only children are. She used to say, 'Good-night, I shall see you again in the morning.' The time came when death's bright angel—bright to those who go, dark to those who stay—summoned her to heaven. In her last moments, she called her father to her side, and putting up her little arms, she clasped them around his neck, whispering with her rapidly dying strength. 'Good-night, dear father, I shall see you again in the morning.' She was right, as the child always is right about the highest things. 'Sorrow endureth for a night; joy cometh in the morning.'—Dr. C. A. Vincent.

I call that mind free which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

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Unleavened Communion Hosts.

Priest's size, 2 1/2 inches diameter. Stamped either with Crucifix or I. H. S. designs, or without any emblems.

AMERICAN FLOUR, 100 Hosts for \$1; 50 Hosts for 50 cts.; 25 Hosts for 30 cts.; 12 Hosts for 20 cts.

IMPORTED FLOUR, 100 Hosts for \$1.25; 50 Hosts for 65 cts.; 25 Hosts for 40 cts.; 12 Hosts for 25 cts.

Unleavened Communion Breads.

Individual size. Sheet 3 by 4 inches. Stamped either with Crucifix or I. H. S. designs, or without any emblems.

AMERICAN FLOUR. Sheets not perforated: 100 Sheets for \$1.25; 50 Sheets for 65 cts.; 25 Sheets for 40 cts.; 12 Sheets for 25 cts. When perforated in 12 one inch squares like postage stamps: 100 Sheets for \$1.50; 50 Sheets for \$1; 25 Sheets for 65 cts.; 12 Sheets for 30 cts.

IMPORTED FLOUR. Sheets not perforated: 100 Sheets for \$1.50; 50 Sheets for 80 cts.; 25 Sheets for 50 cts.; 12 Sheets for 30 cts. When perforated in 12 one inch squares like postage stamps: 100 Sheets for \$1.75; 50 Sheets for \$1; 25 Sheets for 65 cts.; 12 Sheets for 35 cts.

All our unleavened Communion Wafers, Hosts and Breads are always fresh-baked, unadulterated and of superior quality. Will positively keep good for any length of time. Always packed in air-tight tin boxes, and are shipped either per Mail or by Express Co., prepaid. Amount must be enclosed with every order. We will not fill any orders if amount is not received with each order.

If an order amounts to \$1.50 or more, we will present to all our customers FREE of all charges, one copy of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated Masterpiece, "THE LAST SUPPER." Size of picture is 12 by 18 inches. Should an order amount to less than \$1.50 and our customers will enclose an extra 10 cents for paying the postage and packing expenses, we will mail a copy of this beautiful picture, prepaid to any address.

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Thoughts for The Thoughtful.

The sort of faith that cannot bear inquiry is not above reason, but below it.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—Carlyle.

He who would "be angry and sin not" must not be angry with anything but sin.—Archbishop Secker.

Before you pray for God's blessing on your doings, be sure you are doing what the Lord can bless.

Life is what we are alive to. It is not length, but breadth. To be alive only to appetite, pleasure, pride, money-making, and not to goodness and kindness, purity and love, history, poetry, music, flowers, stars, God and eternal hopes, is to be all but dead.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

If you accept art, it must be part of your daily lives. You will have it with you in your sorrow as in your joy. It shall be shared by gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, and be as a language all can understand.—William Morris.

All that is loyal within you will flower in the loyalty of the woman you love; whatever of truth there abides in your soul will be soothed by the truth that it is hers; and her strength of character can only be enjoyed by that which is strong in you.—Maeterlinck.

Good taste is essentially a moral quality. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the only morality. The first, last and closest trial-question to any living creature is: "What do you like?"—and the entire object of true education is to make people not merely do right things, but enjoy the right things. What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.—Ruskin.

The Moslems have a beautiful expression, which they use in common conversation, "I take refuge with God!" That is the Christian's privilege with regard to everything that oppresses his life within or without. It should be our first impulse in the presence of what brings disturbance.

The late Bishop Hoare asked an officer who had served in China if he had ever found traces of the influence of Christianity among the higher classes or among the highest officials. The officer said he had once asked a high Chinese official if he had ever read the Bible. The man brought out a notebook full of extracts from the New Testament, saying he had read the New Testament through and through, and had copied all that he admired most. Then he laid his hand on the book and said: "If the people who profess this religion lived in accordance with its precepts, it would spread all over the world."

Could we but live more entirely in the unseen Presence, and trust to the unseen support,—and if lonely, or disappointed, or depressed, turn more quickly to God, fully confident of His all-embracing care, believing in His perfect love, the tender sympathy with which He ever regards us, how different life would be from what it ordinarily is! Yet we doubt not that divine support is assured to us, if we seek to do what is pleasing in His sight. If the end we desire comes not, yet there is rest in the assurance that we have told Him all, and left it to Him to do what He wills.—T. T. Carter.



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The Little Mother's Hands.

The following story told by Dr. Dawson, in its beauty and simplicity, teaches a lesson which it would be well to take to heart:

"In the course of my ministrations," said the doctor, "through the slums of London I came upon a sad case, that of a woman, the mother of five children, the eldest of whom was a girl of nine or ten.

"The mother, at the time the family first came under my notice, was dying of consumption. The father, a hard-working man, was barely able to earn sufficient to supply the meager wants of the family, and they were often in dire straits.

"The bulk of the work devolved on the oldest girl, Mary by name. Never have I seen the title of 'Little Mother' more appropriately earned. She not only had the invalid to care for, but the younger children as well, and Mary was often a very tired little girl.

"Mary's duties soon were lightened to a certain extent by her mother's death, but made heavier in another by the added responsibility of the little family. The burden of the children and the house was very heavy after the mother had gone. While she lived Mary had always felt there was some one to direct and guide her, but now she was forced to rely upon herself entirely.

"Mary's health, none too strong at any time, soon began to fail under the great responsibility which had fallen on her shoulders. The care of the children, the cooking, the washing and ironing, the sweeping and bed-making were too much for the little woman's strength. Day by day she failed, fewer and fewer became the outings which the lusty baby enjoyed. The little fellow soon became too heavy for the thin, weak arms of the 'little mother,' and it was but seldom that she could muster courage and energy enough to carry him down the steep stairs, which was his only breathing ground.

"The day came when even the slightest exertion was impossible for poor Mary, and she was forced to depend upon the kind services of neighbors as poor as she was herself. Mary failed rapidly. She was soon confined to her bed, and then I procured the services of one of my 'helpers' who took up Mary's work where the 'little mother,' in sheer helplessness, had laid it down.

"On one of my daily visits, as I stood in the doorway, unannounced, I heard the murmur of childish voices. A little friend of Mary's was sitting with her and had been laboriously spelling out some verses of the Bible.

"'O Maggie!' I heard Mary say. 'Whatever will I say to Jesus when I meet him and he asks me why I did not go to church and why I did not pray? You know I was so tired, Maggie, so tired, I just couldn't.'

"'Never mind, Mary,' the other child replied. 'When you see Jesus just show him your hands, and he will understand.'

I believe that love reigns, and that love will prevail. I believe that He says to me every morning, "Begin again thy journey and thy life; thy sins, which are many, are not only forgiven, but they shall be made, by the wisdom of God, the basis on which He will build blessings."—Thomas Erskine.

"There is so much bad in the best of us, And so much good in the worst of us, That it hardly behooves any of us To talk about the rest of us."



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Christ delivered men by rekindling their hopes. That is how we must deliver them, following humbly in his steps. By tenderness, by patience, by sympathy, that is how sinners are converted and the faithless are made faithful. This is the note of the prophetic office. This is the prophetic temper and the prophetic spirit. Where these are not, let us turn away and seek them elsewhere, even at the very fountain-head of compassion and truth.—Alfred Ainger.

"There is one point where we are weak as a church more than at any other point," said a clergyman the other day. "I am tired of pleading with my people for missions, and begging for money to carry on the work. All the collections are decreasing, and I am quite discouraged. The trouble is that most of us are at 'the pump' when we should be at 'the fountain.' We are working in our own strength at the handle that goes hard and squeaks, and brings but little water, when we should be drawing quietly and deeply from an unfailing source of supply. We are urging people to give, give, give, when we should be importuning them to get, get, get the Holy Ghost in His fulness, so that their giving would be spontaneous and abundant."

It is no wonder that honesty is so highly esteemed among men. The absence of it means almost every vice and crime. Honesty, in the sense of rendering to each and every one else their full and entire due, and claiming for oneself only what is rightfully due, is a grand and full-orbed array of virtue in itself. If it is made to concern itself with spiritual things, and to render to God what is due to Him in the way of love and faith and service, it comes to its full stature.—Herald and Presbyter.



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12:05 Noon—Week days. Byrd St. Through.

4:00 P. M.—Week days. Byrd St. Fredericksburg accommodation.

5:05 P. M.—Daily. Main St. Through.

6:30 P. M.—Week days. Elba, Ashland accommodation.

8:20 P. M.—Daily. Byrd St. Through.

Trains Arrive Richmond—Southward.

6:40 A. M.—Week days. Elba, Ashland accommodation.

8:20 A. M.—Week days. Byrd St. Fredericksburg accommodation.

8:35 A. M.—Daily. Byrd St. Through.

11:50 A. M.—Week days. Byrd St. Through. Local stops.

2:12 P. M.—Daily. Main St. Through.

5:40 A. M.—Week days. Elba, Ashland accommodation.

7:15 P. M.—Daily. Byrd St. Through.

9:00 P. M.—Daily. Byrd St. Through. Local stops.

9:50 P. M.—Daily. Main St. Through.

Time of arrivals and departures and con-

nections not guaranteed.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY

N. B.—Following schedule figures published only as information, and are not guaranteed.

Trains Leave Richmond.

7:00 A. M. &—Daily. Local for Charlotte, N. C.

12:30 P. M.—Daily. Limited. Buffet Pullman to Atlanta and Birmingham, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga, and all the South. Through coach for Chase City, Oxford, Durham and Raleigh.

6:00 P. M.—Ex. Sunday, Keysville Local.

11:30 P. M.—Daily, Limited, Pullman ready at 9:30 P. M., for all the South.

York River Line.

4:30 P. M.—Except Sunday—No. 16—To West Point, connecting for Baltimore, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

2:15 P. M.—Except Sunday—No. 10—Local to West Point.

4:45 A. M.—Except Sunday—No. 74—Local to West Point. Steamers call Yorktown and Claybank Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays. At Gloucester Point, Clements, Almonds, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays.

Trains Arrive Richmond.

6:58 A. M. and 7:50 P. M.—From all the South.

3:35 P. M.—From Charlotte, Durham, Chase City, Raleigh and local stations.

8:40 A. M.—From Keysville and local stations.

9:15 A. M.—No. 15—From Baltimore and West Point.

10:45 A. M., No. 9, 5:15 P. M., No. 73—From West Point and local stations.

No. 15 and No. 16 stop Quinton, Tunstall, White House and Lester Manor.

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